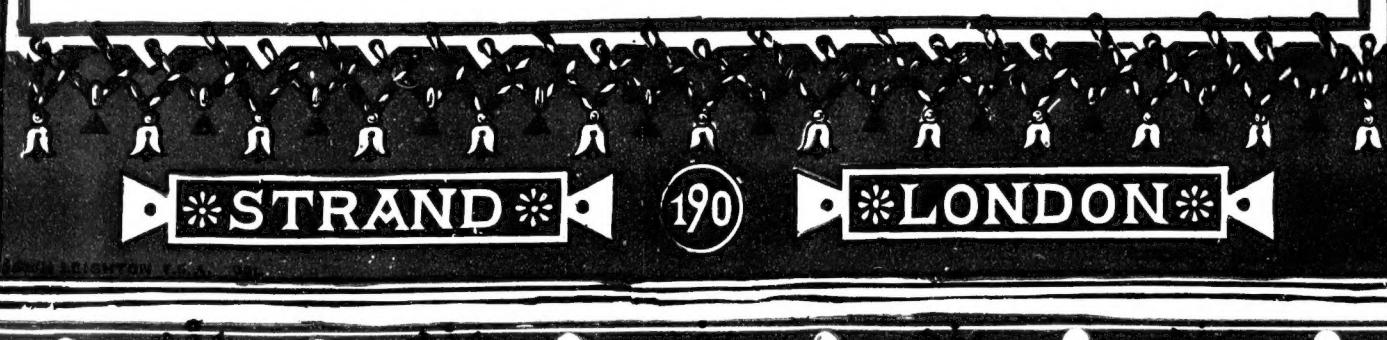


ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,536

MAY 6, 1899

THE
GRAPHIC.
AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



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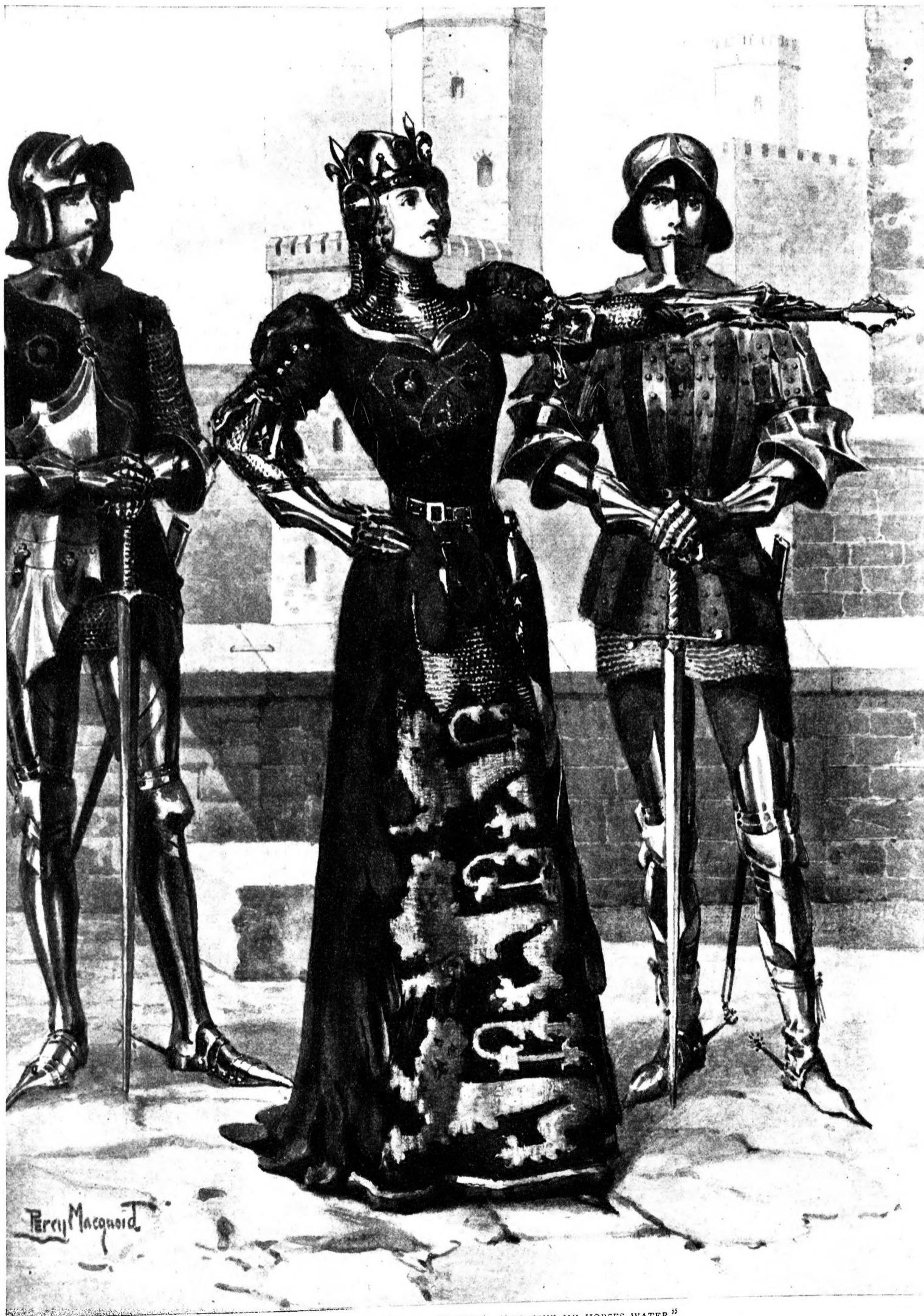
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 1,536—Vol. LIX.] EDITION
Registered as a Newspaper] DE LUXE

SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1899

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"The Last of Her"

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MARGARET OF ANJOU (MISS VANBRUGH)—"GO GIVE MY HORSES WATER"
"IN DAYS OF OLD": SCENE FROM THE NEW PLAY AT THE ST. JAMES'S
DRAWN BY PERCY MACQUOID, R.I.

Topics of the Week

WHILE the Tsar has been dreaming Lord Salisbury has been acting. During the last few years he has made more substantial contributions to the peace of the world than any that may be reasonably expected from the coming Conference of The Hague. Universal peace will, indeed, only be possible when all the nations have settled with each other, by bilateral agreements, the various grievances and conflicting aspirations which now divide them. In this path Lord Salisbury has made conspicuous progress since he returned to power four years ago. With the United States, Germany, France, and Russia he has concluded treaties which have very much improved the relations of Great Britain with those countries. And these improved relations are all the more likely to be permanent since they are founded either upon the elimination of grievances which, while they subsisted, were so many standing menaces to peace, or upon the discovery of a community of solid interests. Never before were our relations with the United States so cordial as they are to-day. This is not the direct result of any formal treaty, but it is none the less the work of a tactful and skilful diplomacy. Forbearance during the Venezuela disputes and sympathy during the war with Spain have had the effect of convincing the United States that they possess a real friend in this country. With Germany a secret agreement has been concluded which practically makes that Empire a partner with us in Africa, while in Asia an important community of financial and industrial interests has been established between the two Powers. Owing to the Fashoda crisis, our relations with France are at the present moment a little awkward, but this is obviously only a passing cloud. The general situation between the two Powers has been vastly improved during the last four years. The questions of Siam, Tunis, and the Niger have all been happily settled, and if the Egyptian question still remains it has lost much of its acuteness. The bitter feeling which once divided the two countries is slowly dying for want of solid grievances to feed on, and in its place the young shoots of a new friendship are already showing themselves. Lord Salisbury's greatest triumph has, however, been with Russia. Amid many and serious difficulties he has pursued a policy of reconciliation with that Power, with very excellent results. He has established a friendly co-operation with Russia in the Near East, and he has laid the foundations for a complete understanding in Eastern Asia. The new agreement in regard to spheres of influence in China is perhaps not very important in itself, but as an illustration of an improved *état d'esprit* in both countries it is of great significance. With the questions of the Indian frontier and of China settled, there is really no longer any reason why the relations of the two Powers should be seriously disturbed. Of course much still remains to be done in the way of consolidating our friendly relations with all these Powers, but to Lord Salisbury must be awarded the credit of having at least laid a very strong foundation for further pacificatory enterprises. It is an excellent example to other Powers. If all were to resolve to make similar efforts to settle outstanding grievances with their neighbours and rivals the problem of Disarmament would soon cease to present insuperable difficulties.

Mr. Rhodes on Rhodesia

MR. CECIL RHODES on Tuesday addressed a crowded and enthusiastic meeting of shareholders of the British South Africa Company, held at the Cannon Street Hotel, under the presidency of the Duke of Abercorn. Describing the financial position of Rhodesia, Mr. Rhodes said the revenue was increasing very rapidly, and the newly elected council was about to establish a system of taxation. The future prospects of the country were good for the pastoral industry, but the real asset of the country was in its minerals. As to the development of the country, they had been most successful, so far as telegraphs were concerned. He had been able to settle a reasonable rate with Egypt, and thanks to the kindness of the German people and the broad-minded character of the German Emperor he had concluded a very satisfactory arrangement for the passing of the telegraph line through German territory. With regard to railways, they had a line from Cape Colony to Buluwayo guaranteed by the Chartered Company, another from Beira to Umtali not guaranteed, and one from Umtali

to Salisbury had just been completed, which brought Salisbury within thirty hours of Beira. Proceeding to describe other railway schemes, Mr. Rhodes says that he had thought that the extension from Buluwayo to the boundary of their territory might have been guaranteed by the Imperial Government. The directors had, however, decided to build the line up to the limits of their territory, and he had no doubt they could get the money. While a neighbouring State to Rhodesia had been for two years vainly trying to borrow two millions, the Chartered Company had within the same time raised nearly ten millions. Mr. Rhodes's proposals were declared to be unanimously approved.

He retired from the army in 1851 with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. He married, in 1845, Lady Georgina Curzon, eldest daughter of the first Earl of Howe. As Earl of Worcester he was returned to the House of Commons for East Gloucestershire in 1846, and again in 1847 and 1852. In 1853 he succeeded his father in the title. He was Master of the Horse in the Earl of Derby's second Administration 1858-9, and again from 1866 to 1868. He was created K.G. in 1867. The Duke will be sadly missed on the road and in the hunting field. He was President of the Four-in-Hand Club, and was a famous whip, and he kept the well-known pack of hounds that bears his name. He is succeeded by his son, the Earl of Worcester, who was born in 1847.—Our portrait is by A. H. Poole, Waterford.

The Late Duke of Beaufort

THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT, who died on Sunday afternoon, was one of the keenest and best known sportsmen of the day, and was a recognised authority on the chase and the turf. The Duke edited with Mr. Alfred E. T. Watson the series of books on sports and pastimes known as the "Badminton Library." Henry Charles Fitzroy



THE LATE DUKE OF BEAUFORT, K.G.

Somerset, K.G., eighth Duke of Beaufort, was born on February 1, 1824. He was the eighth lineal descendant of the founder of the house, Sir Charles Somerset, a natural son of Henry Beaufort, third Duke of Somerset, who was third in descent from John of Gaunt. The Duke was educated at Eton, and entered the 1st Life Guards in 1841. He obtained a captaincy in the 7th Hussars in 1847. From 1842 to 1852 he was A.D.C. to the Duke of Wellington, and after the latter's death was A.D.C. to Viscount Hardinge, the Duke's successor as Commander-in-Chief.

The Week in Parliament

By H. W. LUCY

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT has lived to accomplish his heart's desire in demolishing Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's Budget. He made three bites at the toothsome cherry; the first on the night the Budget was introduced, the second on going into Committee, the final munching on Monday night, when the Budget scheme elaborated as a Bill came up for second reading. As often happens his first short speech, unpremeditated as the song of the lark, was the most effective. He is a born Parliamentary debater, prone to hamper himself with voluminous notes. On Tuesday night he brought down a sheaf, and when he laid them on the table members knew what to expect. On the whole the experience was not so severe as it has sometimes been in analogous circumstances. He is thoroughly master of the subject, and though he turned over his notes page by page he was not absolutely a slave to them.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer had his innings on Monday night, when he replied to the criticisms of the Budget set forth in the temperate speech of Sir Henry Fowler. Whilst ostensibly answering the official spokesman of the Front Opposition Bench Sir Michael could not resist the temptation to have an occasional dig at Sir William Harcourt, sitting smilingly attentive at the end of the bench. He was assiduous to remind him that his career at the Treasury was closed. More than once he pointedly alluded to Sir Henry Fowler as the financier who would in due time succeed the present Chancellor of the Exchequer. Also he contrasted Sir Henry's manner of speech with what he described as the violent language of Sir William Harcourt.

Sir William joyously took his turn on Tuesday, flagellating the Chancellor of the Exchequer across the table to the unbounded delight of the Opposition. Sir Michael having exhausted his privilege of speaking, Mr. Goschen, temporarily recurring to his old position as spokesman of the Exchequer, replied. Owing to the length of the two opening speeches he was relegated to the last hour of the sitting. He was in his very best form, delighting a crowded House with his rapier play, and his reference to Sir William Harcourt's having "Gazetted himself out of the firm" of the Front Opposition Bench, and his description of him of "the High Priest of financial purity who, when stripped of his vestments, brings to light the astute electioneer," were particularly enjoyed.

The Government, after two nights' debate, practically carried their Budget by a majority of 125. There remains the Committee stage, in which there would be discussion, and maybe divisions, on the details, more especially the increase of the wine duties. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has resolved not to give way on any point, and though there is no enthusiasm in the Ministerial ranks in favour of the Budget—rather some dislike for the wine duties as

affecting the colonies, and uneasiness at the tampering with the Sinking Fund—Tuesday night's division makes it clear that there is no danger in holding on. The Budget out of the way left the course clear for the London Government Bill, taken up again on Thursday, with intention of pegging away at it up to Whitsun-tide.

In the early part of the week personal interest centred upon Sir John Gorst. His speech on Friday in last week, when with something more than his customary cynicism he dealt with the question of Elementary Education, and his personal relations with the department, led to clamorous cries for his resignation. The Leader of the Opposition openly called for his retirement, an extreme course approved by the *Times* and other Ministerial papers. But the Vice-President of the Council is a hard nut to crack. Just before the House rose on Monday night he came up smiling, assuring the House that nothing was further from his intention than resignation. In a delightful speech he explained how this decision was forced upon him by personal consideration for his esteemed chief. The Duke of Devonshire is sole head of the Education Department. It was he who had been flouted by his colleagues in the Government when they surrendered on the pupil teachers' question. The Duke of Devonshire had not resigned, and if he, Sir John, took that course, it would be something in the form of a censure on the noble lord.

MR. CECIL RHODES SPEAKING AT THE MEETING OF THE BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA COMPANY
From a Sketch by R. B. M. Paxton

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- The name and address of the sender and the title of the subject should be legibly written on the back of each photograph.
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Additional Photographs have been received from A. N. Roberts, Miss C. M. Davenport, Rolf Viney, P. D. Botterell, F. H. Cocksedge, G. F. Chapman, J. Wild, Rev. E. Clark, Miss Margaret Watson, F. Grimont, W. B. Green, R. J. Wilson, J. H. Fickel, Rev. F. Partridge, Miss Wild, W. Llewellyn Roberts, B. D. Jones, F. W. Walter, Mrs. Todd, G. K. Goodlet, and Dr. Hutchinson.

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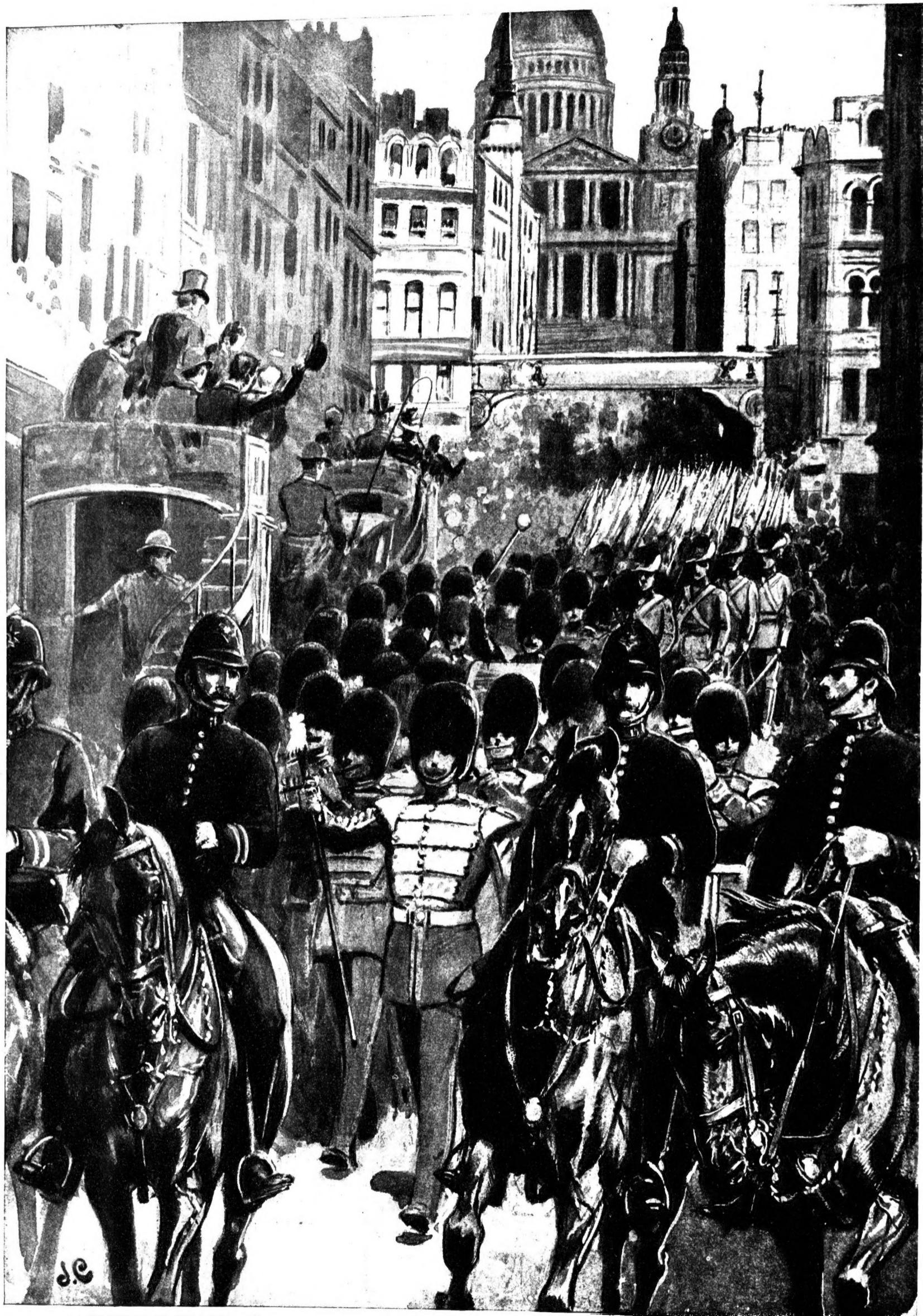
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Performances commence 10.55 a.m. and terminate 11.40 p.m. One Hundred turns—Sensational and of every known form of Varieties, embracing:—LEO CARLE in a One Man Drama, 12 Characters in 10 Minutes; PETERSON and his Unique Troupe of Performing Dogs; the Marvellous Flying SISTERS ONGAR; the HARRISON Troupe of Acrobats and Ring Performers; TOM BURNETTI in his Musical Quick Change Act; JENNIFER MIRETT, Acrobatic Dancer; the Original KENTUCKY Negro Troupe; Marjorie NEAME, Serio and Dancer; GARDEN and MELVIN'S Royal Quintette of Pipers and Dancers; LEAH KLOET, Statuary A-tist; CINATUS, Champion Upside-Down Hand Equilibrist; ADELINA, Impersonator of Celebrities; the Marvellous MINTING in his 100 feet Pyramidal Ascent on one Wheel, crossing a 12-inch Plank and descending by a second 100 feet spiral; SARA NETTE, Lady Scotch Bagpipe and Musical Instrumentalist; the Japanese CONDOS; Dolly St. Claire, Danseuse; Coma, Japanese Juggler; the Four Marvellous DANIELS; the Brothers JAMES, in their Sensational Pyramid Chair Feats; Jeanette Latour, Vocalist; the OTTAWAY Boxers; Leonora Staaden, Burlesque Vocalist; Duvalo, Contortionist; Edith Sylvester; Regollo, Conjurer; Cissie Trent, Transformation Dancer; the VEZEYS and their Concertina and Violin Playing Dogs; ANNIE LUKER, in her Terrific and Graceful 100 feet Head Dive, and a whole host of Attractions never previously centred in one Building. The WORLD'S GREAT SHOW, 2.10 and 7.10. EARLY VARIETIES, 10.55 a.m. Inclusive Admission, 1s.; Children, 6d. Stalls, 4s., 3s., 2s. Chairs, 1s. See the GRAND SWIMMING ENTERTAINMENT and ANGLING CONTEST, about 5.00 and 10.00. Just arrived—A PETRIFIED MAN from Patagonia.

NOTICE.—The ELEVENTH ANNUAL SHOW of the LONDON FOX TERRIER CLUB will be held on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday next, May 10, 11 and 12. CHAMPIONSHIP SHOW. Smooth and Wire Haired Varieties. No extra charge, and all Entertainments as usual.

ROYAL AQUARIUM.

GREAT PRIZE FIGHT.



ON THE MARCH FROM THE DOCKS TO WATERLOO STATION EN ROUTE FOR ALDERSHOT, HEADED BY THE BAND OF THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS
THE ARRIVAL OF THE NEW SOUTH WALES LANCERS

DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON



THE ARRIVAL OF THE SQUADRON OF NEW SOUTH WALES LANCERS: THEIR WELCOME TO ALDERSHOT

DRAWN BY W. E. MAUD

The Theatres

By W. MOY THOMAS

IN DAYS OF OLD

If the new historical play at the ST. JAMES'S has somewhat disappointed expectations it certainly has not been the fault of Mr. Percy Macquoid and his coadjutors, who have been responsible for the beauty and the historical accuracy of its costumes and armour and generally for the illustrative details which constitute the setting of Mr. Edward Rose's love story. All these things are unquestionably pleasing to the eye and interesting in themselves, but notwithstanding the contemptuous references which are sometimes heard to "scenery and upholstery," it may safely be affirmed that "scenery and upholstery," though they may be excellent aids, have never in themselves made the fortune of a play. The obvious fault is that the story is not strong enough or clearly defined enough, or sufficiently independent of stage conventionality to hold the attention in the presence of such elaborate surroundings. When the curtain falls upon the first act the spectator has rather been impressed by the striking details of the interior of Beddard Tower in the times of the fierce struggle between the Yorkists and the Lancastrians, than moved by the sudden development of a romantic attachment between the rough-and-ready Ardyn Beddard and his pretty Lancastrian cousin Lilian, who has been decoyed into that nest of enemies. Nor do the succeeding acts do much towards making this romantic element the central point of interest. Regarded as a picture of the times, the antagonism of the White and the Red Rose is not brought out with the distinctness that is needed for stage effect; on the other hand, the personal fortunes of the hero and heroine are lost sight of in the multiplicity of unessential details. These remarks apply particularly to the long scene at the Court of King Henry VI. and Queen Margaret, which ends with nothing fresher or more convincing than an estrangement between the lovers, arbitrarily prolonged by the wilful neglect of the gentleman to ask for an explanation of the facts that have excited his jealous frenzy. Mr. Rose, it is true, may plead high precedents for the incident of the discovered embraces which look so like faithlessness, and yet are consistent with perfect loyalty and truth; but a resort to devices so familiar demands more vigour and sincerity in the treatment. Much would doubtless be gained if some of the personages could be induced to abate that excessive vehemence of tone and gesture which renders the final scene on the castle ramparts rather fatiguing to the attentive spectator. The play is in other regards very well acted. Miss Fay Davis is, it is true, rather over-weighted in the part of the heroine; but Mr. George Alexander's Ardyn is, I need hardly say, a romantic personage with plenty of ardour and no lack of sense of the picturesque. The epithet "picturesque" is not less applicable to Mr. H. B. Irving's Sir Ulrich Beddard, called the Hunchback, nor is the portrait less impressive because this arch villain of the piece is conceived in the melodramatic vein which the author doubtless intended. If we could only know why

this villain is so villainous, or what are the precise objects of his nefarious proceedings, the efforts of the actor might be more successful. Miss Violet Vanbrugh looks very handsome as Qu on Margaret, and makes much of Her Majesty's imperfect command of the English tongue. Miss Esmé Beringer and Miss Julie Opp shine as two beautiful but malicious Court ladies, and Mr. Sidney Brough brings out the humours of a Lancastrian courtier, Lord Harry Vulliamy, who reminds one somewhat of the fop who tried the patience of Harry Hotspur at Homildown Hill.

FARCES, MUSICAL AND OTHERWISE

Mr. Sims's new, or rather re-written and refurbished, piece, entitled *A Good Time*, at the OPERA COMIQUE, is, like Mr. George Grossmith Junior's *Great Caesar* at the COMEDY Theatre, a musical farce, in which songs, choruses, dances, and miscellaneous extravagant incidents, rather than a coherent story, are the objects aimed at. Both pieces are cleverly played, and appear to be acceptable to the patrons of this popular form of entertainment. *Why Smith Left Home*, with which the STRAND Theatre, redecorated and furnished with a handsome new curtain, reopened on Monday night, under the management of the brothers Broadhurst, is, on the other hand, entirely independent, both of dancing and music, being simply a three-act farce of the familiar American pattern, in which the performers vie with each other in extravagant antics, and the drop curtain always descends upon a sort of Tarantula dance, in which, with or without reason, the entire *dramatis personæ* take part. Mr. G. H. Broadhurst's piece, which is said to have been played far and wide in America with great success, is described as a "Gleeful Plenitude"—a new and, it must be confessed, a not very intelligible classification. It has absolutely no plot or perceptible purpose, unless it is that of crowding as many eccentricities and absurdities into three acts as can be presented within those limits. Even the query suggested by the title remains unsolved, for as a fact Smith does not "leave home," though he casually refers to an intention of doing so just as the curtain is finally about to descend. The company at the STRAND, however, which is stated to represent the original cast, know how to turn to account their Bedlamite materials, and if there was little true humour the spectators, as Scrub says, "laughed consummately." The best pieces of acting in the farce were Mr. Arbuckle's John Smith, the persecuted married gentleman, Miss Giroud's Mrs. Smith, his jealous wife, Mr. Burnum's Guggenheim, a love-struck German Count with an imperfect command of our English tongue, and above all Miss Yeaman's Cook, who is a member of a Guild of Lady Cooks and a staunch upholder of its trades-union rules. The new farce is not so spontaneous in its mirth as its predecessor, *What Happened to Jones*, but judging from its reception on Monday evening it appears likely to rival to some extent the success of that popular production.

"Voluptuary," the long famous winner of the Grand National in 1884, has been discovered in the humble capacity of "pad-horse" in Mr. Arnold's travelling company, who are engaged in playing *The Circus Girl*. This is, doubtless, what is called a "come-down" for this once distinguished animal; but it is satisfactory to be assured

that he is kindly treated, and appears at the ripe old equine age of twenty-one to be in excellent condition.

In the few happily chosen words in which Sir Squire Bancroft responded to the toast of "The Drama" at the Royal Academy Banquet, he referred to the ephemeral character of the actor's efforts, as illustrated by the fact that "no sum could bring back to us one single echo of the voice of Sarah Siddons." It has been since pointed out that this remark overlooks the marvels of Mr. Edison's phonograph, and it is suggested that an Institution should be founded in which permanent records of the utterances of distinguished actors in some of their most popular parts could be preserved. And why, it is asked, should not the almost equally wonderful biograph be employed for similar objects? There is clearly no reason why future generations might not in this way be enabled to witness the whole, say, of Sir Henry Irving's marvellous performance in *The Bells*.

The Late Hon. Power Henry Le Poer Trench

THE HON. POWER HENRY LE POER TRENCH, late British Minister in Japan, whose death was announced this week, was the fourth son

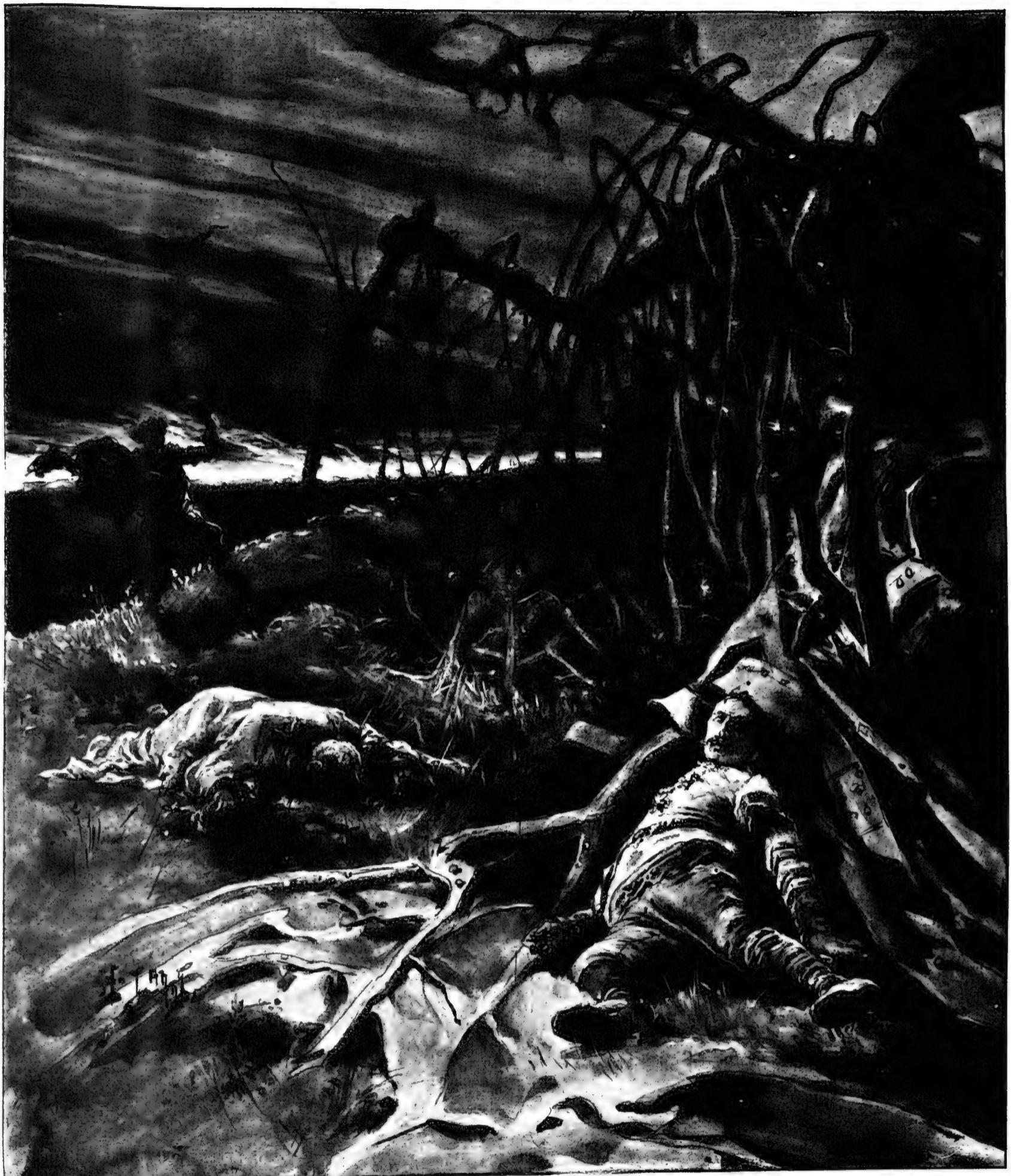


THE LATE HON. POWER LE POER TRENCH

of the third Earl of Clancarty, and was in his fifty-eighth year. He entered the Diplomatic Service forty years ago, becoming Attaché in Paris, Constantinople and Munich successively. In 1863 he was promoted to be Third Secretary; was transferred to Rio de Janeiro in 1865, and to Washington in 1868, where he was also private secretary to Sir Edward Thornton. He was promoted to be Second Secretary in 1870, after which he was temporarily employed in the Foreign Office. Subsequently he was Secretary at Tokio from 1882 to 1888, in Berlin from 1888 to 1893, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Mexico in 1893-4, and Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary and Consul-General in Japan, 1894-5.—Our portrait is by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street.



MISS LYDIA THOMPSON'S FAREWELL: THE BENEFIT AT THE LYCEUM



"As he drew near he saw that the two aeropiles were still locked together even as they had fallen through the air. Free of the heap he came upon something—a heap of clothing and limbs, pallid under the night, a grey head, a dark clutching hand extended on the turf. Beyond, among the smashed vans, lay other human forms"

WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES

By H. G. WELLS. Illustrated by H. LANOS

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CHAPTER XXV.—(Concluded)

At first he did not understand, and then a wild joy possessed him. He shouted at the top of his voice, an inarticulate shout, and drove higher and higher up the sky. "Where was the other aeropile?" he thought. "They too—" As he looked round the empty heavens he had a momentary fear that they had risen above him, and then he saw their machine alighting on the Norwood stage. They had meant shooting. To risk being rammed headlong two thousand feet in the air was beyond their latter-day courage. The combat was declined.

For a little while he circled, then swooped in a steep descent towards the westward stage. The twilight was creeping on apace, the smoke from the Streatham stage that had been so dense and dark was now a pillar of fire, and all the laced curves of the moving ways and the translucent roofs and domes and the chasms between the buildings were glowing softly now, lit by the tempered radiance of the electric light that the glare of the day had overpowered. The three efficient stages that the Ostrogites held—for Wimbledon Park was useless because of the fire from Roehampton, and Streatham was a furnace—were glowing with guide lights for the coming aeroplanes. As he swept over the Roehampton stage

he saw the dark masses of the people thereon. He heard a clap of frantic cheering, heard a bullet from the Wimbledon Park stage tweet through the air, and went beating up a long declivity above the Surrey wastes. He felt a breath of wind from the south-west, and lifted his westward wing as he had learnt to do, and so drove upward heeling.

Up he drove and up, until the country beneath was blue and indistinct, and London spread like a little map, traced in light, like the mere model of a city, far behind him. The south-west was a sky of sapphire over the shadowy rim of the world, and ever as he drove upward the multitude of stars increased.

THE GRAPHIC

And behold! in the southward, low down and glittering swiftly nearer, were two little patches of nebulous light. And then two more, and then a nebulous glow of swiftly driving shapes. The whole south-west was soon as bright as moon-rise with that multitude. The aeroplanes had come!

He swept round in a half-circle, staring at this advancing fleet flying in a wedge-like shape, a flight of phosphorescent birds through the lower air. He made a swift calculation of their pace, and spun the little wheel that brought the engine forward. He aimed at the apex of the wedge. He dropped like a stone through the whistling air. It seemed scarce a second from that soaring moment before he struck the foremost aeroplane.

No man of all that black multitude saw the coming of his fate, no man among them dreamt of the hawk that fell downward out of the sky. Those who were not limp in the agonies of air-sickness, were craning their black necks and staring to see the filmy city that was rising out of the haze, the rich and splendid city to which "Massa Poss" had brought their obedient muscles. Bright teeth gleamed and the glossy faces shone. They had heard of Paris. They knew they were to have fine times among the "poor white" trash. And suddenly Graham struck them.

He had aimed at the body of the aeroplane, but at the very last instant a better idea had flashed into his mind. He twisted about and struck near the edge of the starboard wing with all his accumulated weight. He was jerked back as he struck. His prow went gliding across its smooth expanse towards the rim. He felt the forward rush of the huge fabric sweeping him and his aeropile along with it, and for a moment that seemed an age he could not tell what was happening. He heard a thousand throats yelling, and perceived that his machine was balanced on the edge of the gigantic float, and driving down, down; glanced over his shoulder and saw the backbone of the aeroplane and the opposite float swaying up. He had a vision through the ribs of sliding chairs, staring faces, and hands clutching at the tilting guide bars. The fenestrations in the further float flashed open as the aeronaut tried to right her. Beyond he saw a second aeroplane leaping steeply to escape the whirl of its heeling fellow. The broad area of swaying wings seemed to jerk upward. He felt his aeropile had dropped clear, that the monstrous fabric, clean overturned, hung like a sloping wall above him.

He did not clearly understand that he had struck the side float of the aeroplane and slipped off, but he perceived that he was flying free on the down glide and rapidly nearing the earth. What had he done? His heart throbbed like a noisy engine in his throat, and for an instant he could not move his levers because of the trembling of his hands. He wrenched the levers to throw his engine back, fought for two seconds against the weight of it, felt himself righting, driving horizontally.

He looked upward and saw two aeroplanes glide shouting overhead, looked back, and saw the main body of the fleet opening out and rushing upward and outward; then saw the one he had struck fall edgewise on and strike like a gigantic knife blade along the wind-wheels far away below. He put down his stern and looked again. He drove up heedless of his direction as he watched. He saw the wind-vanes give, saw the huge fabric strike the earth, saw its downward vans crumple with the weight of its descent, and then the whole mass turned over and smashed, upside down, upon the sloping wheels. Throb, throb, throb, pause. Suddenly, from the heaving wreckage a thin tongue of white fire licked up towards the zenith. And then he was aware of a huge mass flying through the air towards him, and turned upwards just in time to escape the charge—if it was a charge—of a second aeroplane. It whirled by below, sucked him down a fathom, and nearly turned him over in the gust of its close passage.

He became aware of three others rushing towards him, aware of the urgent necessity of beating above them. Aeroplanes were all about him, circling wildly to avoid him as it seemed. They drove past him, above, below, eastward and westward. Far away to the westward was the sound of a collision, and two falling flares. Steadily he beat upward as they passed. Presently they were all below him, but for a moment he doubted the height he had of them, and did not swoop again. And then he came down upon a second victim, and all its load of soldiers saw him coming. The big machine heeled and swayed as the fear-maddened men scrambled to the stern for their weapons. A score of bullets sang through the air, and there flashed a star in the thick glass wind-screen that protected him. The aeroplane slowed and dropped to foil his stroke, and dropped too low. Just in time he saw the wind-wheels of Bromley Hill rushing up towards him, and spun about and up as the aeroplane crashed among them. The great fabric seemed to be standing on end for a second among its splintering ruins, and then to fly to pieces. A hot rush of flame shot overhead into the darkening sky.

"Two!" he cried, with a bomb from overhead bursting as it fell, and he was beating up intent upon a third victim. A glorious exhilaration possessed him now, a giant activity. Aeroplanes seemed radiating from him in every direction, intent only upon avoiding him. The yelling of their packed passengers came in short gusts as they swept by. He chose his third quarry, struck hastily, and did but turn it on edge. It escaped him, to smash against the tall cliff of London Wall. He skimmed the ground so nearly he could see a frightened rabbit bolting up a slope. He jerked up steeply, and found himself driving over South London with the air about him vacant. To the right of him a wild riot of signal rockets banged tumultuously in the sky. To the south the wreckage of half a dozen air ships flamed, and east and west and north the air ships fled before him. One had landed on the eastward stage, the stage called Shooter's Hill. None other had dared to slacken in his proximity. They circled about him like oxen about a wolf, trusting to their speed if he should charge upon them. He passed two hundred feet or so above the Roehampton stage. It was black with people and noisy with their frantic shouting. But why was the Wimbledon Park stage black and cheering too? The smoke and flame of Streatham now hid the three further stages. He curved about and rose to see them and the northern quarters. First came the square masses of Shooter's Hill into sight from behind the smoke, lit and orderly with its aeroplane and its disembarking negroes. Then came Blackheath, and then under the corner of the reek the Norwood stage. He wondered what time he had won for the people, how far they had progressed with the mounting of their guns.

On Blackheath an aeropile lay upon the guides. But Norwood was covered by a swarm of little figures running to and fro in a passionate confusion. Why? Abruptly he understood. The stubborn defence of the flying stages was over, the people were pouring into the underways of these last strongholds of the usurpation. "They win!" he shouted to the empty air; "the people win!" And then he saw the aeropile on Blackheath was running down its guides to launch. It lifted clean and rose. He knew that it came to fight him, to clear the way for the aeroplanes. Instantly he knew what he must do.

He shouted, and dropped towards his new antagonist. It rose steeply at his approach. He allowed for its velocity, and drove straight upon it. He saw it before him, saw the faces of the aeronauts growing swiftly distinct, saw with a strange tightening of the chest, the white face of Ostrog, resolute and calm.

The aeropile before him became a mere flat edge, and behold! he was past it, and driving headlong down with all the force of his futile blow.

He was furiously angry. He reeled the engine back along its shaft and went circling up. He saw Ostrog beating up a spiral before him not half a mile away. He rose straight towards him, won above him by virtue of the impetus of his swoop and by the advantage of the weight of a man. He dropped headlong and missed again. As he rushed past he saw the face of Ostrog's aeronaut confident and cool. He realised with a gleam of wrath how bungling his flight must be.

Right in front of his angry eyes appeared a strange thing. The eastward stage, the one on Shooter's Hill, appeared to lift; a flash changing to a tall grey shape, a cowled figure of smoke and dust, jerked into the air; this cowled figure stood for a moment motionless, dropping huge masses of metal from its shoulders, and then began to uncoil a dense head of smoke. For a moment he forgot the aeropile above in his astonishment. As suddenly a second flash and grey shape sprang up from the Norwood stage. And even as he stared at this came a dead report, and the air wave of the first explosion struck him. He was flung up and sideways.

For a moment the aeropile fell nearly edgewise with her nose down, and seemed to hesitate whether to overset altogether. He stood on his wind shield wrenching the wheel that swayed up over his head and she righted even as he shot down. And then the shock of the second explosion took her sideways, turned her on her edge.

Abruptly Ostrog's aeropile dropped and struck him. But it struck badly because of the second concussion. He did not know they were upon him until he reeled with the crash of the blow; they had dropped obliquely downward upon him as he came up the righting curve. He was thrown over sideways out of his stays, he saw the vans of their machine swooping through the air, saw their screws whirling upside down, saw Ostrog with open mouth and staring eyes, looking strangely rigid. He found himself clinging to one of the ribs of his machine, and the air was blowing past him and upward. He seemed to be hanging quite still in the air, with the wind blowing up past him. It occurred to him that he was falling. He knew next that the whole mass, the two locked aeropipes, was falling together. He could not look down.

He found himself recapitulating with incredible swiftness all that had happened since his awakening. His mind was clear and active. Chiefly he was sorry that he should never see Helen again. It seemed so unreasonable that he should not see her again.

CHAPTER XXVI.

FROM THE HILLSIDE

THE sun had set, the dusk was deepening, and above the city a couple of stars quivered on the verge of visibility. A man on horseback wrapped in a warm c'ock rode towards the crest of the hill that had once been called Addiscombe. He was a tall, broad-shouldered man, one of the watchers of the countless sheep that graze on the grassy solitudes under the wind-wheels along the hills of Surrey and Kent.

Over the vacant countryside—for all trees had been cleared to give the wind-wheels freedom—the hours were monotonous enough, and a man would sometimes pine for the city. His was a lonely life, for the whole country was given up to sheep, and when his duties kept him from sight of the swarming high roads that ran to the ferry-jetties at Dover, Portsmouth, and Clifton, he would sometimes ride for a day together without meeting a fellow-man. And his only companions during his time of duty were the engineers who came out to see after the wind-vanes and his rare fellow-watchers. On the hill the light and stir beneath the Norwood and Streatham stages shone very cheerfully across the valley. But to-night he had come to the ridge, the northern limit his regulations set him, for no simple longing of solitude. He had followed the phases of the revolt with some keenness, he had heard of the further troubles brewing between Ostrog and the people, the attempt at disarmament and the sudden interference of the Sleeper on the popular side; and now, as the night drew on, the London sky showed an unwanted red. He knew that a section of the negro police had come to Paris, that there were threats of their use in London. His blood grew hot at the thought of a negro control; but his discipline was strict; one must not quarrel with one's food, so that he was out on the hillside, one of that great host of men which counts for nothing in the world's affairs.

He rode his horse slowly up the hill towards the crest where the regiments of the wind-wheels were wont to groan and beat. But night, against the bright, deep blue of the north-east, came out black and clear cut, and, ominously, expectantly still. The clearness of the night promised a frost, and the horseman shivered as he rode.

Towards the crest the horse stumbled and the man spoke. In another moment, between the supports of two of the wheels, the flying stage of Norwood rose over the brow, with a greenish glare behind its lace of stays, and a red light on its westward side. He rode straight towards this, through the deep twilight between the supports. In a few minutes he was clear of the wheels on the further side, and the dense spire of flame-shot smoke that rose from the burning of Streatham came into view. He gave a startled exclamation, drew rein and sat watching. All about the stages London was red, and reeking with the smoke and steam of war.

The small south-west wind-vanes came out black against the smoky glare of Streatham, the reflection, he judged, of an incandescence upon vast volumes of smoke or steam. He knit his brows, and presently dropped his bridle, and sat looking through the frame of his hands in order to concentrate his attention. He knew nothing of warfare, had never heard or read of the old days, knew indeed little of anything save the routine of his duties, but he could not but see these appearances indicated some vast struggle in the city.

"Still fighting," he said. "Still fighting. War-war. How will it end? How can it end? They are bound to win—bound to win."

"Bound to win," he repeated, after an interval. "They have flying. They can bring their damned niggers. I wonder how it will feel to take one's orders from a nigger? 'Git—ye white trash!'—I know 'em."

He cursed Ostrog with swift passion, shook his bridle and, turning eastward, rode through the stands and stays to a wide, vacant space, from which a southward view was obtainable. The after-glow of the southern sky above the crenellations of the downland wind-vanes was clear and empty.

Presently he came back to his original position, and scarcely had the city come up over the brow before he perceived something was happening on the flying stage at Roehampton. The twilight and a thin haze rendered everything doubtful, but that stage was brightly lit, and he was presently almost assured that an aeropile was being flung into the air. Then he was sure, for he saw the little speck soar clear of the hills against the brightness of the lower sky, and curve round upward and westward, dark and clear, and grow smaller and smaller, until at last it trembled out of sight.

His gaze returned to the city. Presently came a speck of light above the smoke, and for a moment he saw an aeropile whose wing had caught the light of the flames. It was flying with stiff wings as a rook flies down the south-west wind, and in a minute it had gone beyond the light. His eye, dazzled by the ridges and masses of glare, could not follow it into the dark. For a time he remained straining his eyes, and then came a little thing, a little oblong patch of black, that shot down very swiftly across the eastward glare of the city and vanished again. He dropped his hands. "That's an aeropile gone down," he said. "Edge down. Can it be?"

He lifted his framing hands again.

"They would never dare—"

He looked long and earnestly, but he saw no more aeroipes.

The horseman remained motionless for a long time in the deepening twilight. It came into his mind that he could hear voices and the beat of engines. These aerial voices grew louder and louder. Suddenly the black bushes and dusky slopes before him jumped into a pallid clearness, almost as if a magnesium rocket had burst in mid-heaven. The voices rose to shouts. He looked up startled.

The first of Ostrog's air-ships, a vast and stately frame, brightly lit from stem to stern, so that it seemed an air-ship of woven moonshine came into view beyond the black contours of the wind-vanes and drove swiftly down the sky towards the distant city. It was flying very low, and all aboard were gesticulating and shouting. Then, like flames of lightning, another and another came into view, shining swift shapes, each crowded with multitudes of shouting men.

He groaned aloud, for he knew that with them they carried weapons and sombre and the destruction of all hopes of freedom for the beleaguered revolt. East and west came others, and their shouting fell in gusts.

He groaned aloud at the sight of them. "There they go," he said. "Yelling devils! There they go! They'll teach the fools who's master. They'll—"

He stopped in mid-sentence.

The sound was a shriek of fear and anguish from a thousand throats, that changed to a splintering crash and the thud of a near explosion. And all about him shone a glare that threw up the nearer wind-vanes as inky shapes and made the night suddenly very dark. And so low it scarcely cleared the wind-vanes that crested the hill, so close that he could hear the throb, throb, throb, pause, throb, throb, throb, pause, of its engine, like the beating heart of a living thing, rushed the dark shape of an aeropile overhead, passed like some busy twilight owl, and soared up into the sky among the whirling, unwieldy aeroplanes that now tore in a disorderly stream across the sky, clearing the stem of one, as it seemed, by a hair's breadth.

He saw nothing of the collision that flamed down the westward sky, of the strange beacons that were flaring up in the southward country. He stared at this ominous little shape, too astonished to think, until it had dwindled to a speck, and then looking back to the eastward whence that cry of headlong downfall had come, saw over the tops of the still wind-vanes a stream of fire pouring up into the twilight.

"But they are fighting," he cried; "fighting in the air."

He clapped spurs to his horse, and in a moment had come out upon a projecting headland along the hill brow, from which the base of the flame could be seen. It had seemed near because it was so great, but now he perceived that it was some miles off amidst the Bromley hills. Two of the three wind-wheels that capped that rise had been overthrown, and the third was spinning slowly. The aeroplane lay in a smashed heap, with the gaunt ribs of one broken van pointing heavenward, and the flames shining through the translucent material between the bars of its skeleton.

"No wonder," said the horseman. "No wonder the other poor devils were screaming and shouting."

He turned his eyes slowly back to the flying stages, and saw that only one of the aeroplanes had descended, that the others had swept across the city.

Suddenly he became aware of two little black shapes overhead, circling one above the other, and hardly had he seen them when the ground swayed and ten seconds after he heard a heavy report. His horse started, and as he quieted it came a second shock, and the thud of a nearer explosion, and a tower of smoke and flame flashed into being from out the Norwood stage that the people had destroyed.

It was ten seconds perhaps before he looked up again, and when he did so he cried out. Overhead was something that changed its shape rapidly and grew swiftly larger. Flap, flap, a thing that twisted over and over as it fell. In an instant he understood, clapped spurs to his restive horse, and went galloping down the

slope. He heard the aéropiles smash behind him. He came round in a wide sweep and stopped. He sat for a moment staring at the flaring destruction upon the hill crest.

Then he slipped from his plunging horse, and, leaving him to gallop as he would, ran as fast as his boots and spurs would permit through the bracken up the hill again towards the black heap that had heaved once and now lay still.

As he drew near he saw that the two aéropiles were still locked together even as they had fallen through the air. Free of the heap he came upon something—a heap of clothing and limbs, pallid under the night, a grey head, a dark clutching hand extended on the turf. Beyond, among the smashed vans, lay two other human forms.

He glanced at the first of these two men, a red-haired man lying face downward, hesitated a minute, and ran shivering to the other. This third victim lay across a rib of the broken van with his body twisted. Two little threads of blood ran from his nostrils into his grizzled moustache, but his upturned face had escaped injury, and in the white glare of the distant aéroplane it showed set and calm, and his eyes were open and steady. He was richly clad, and not in the black uniform of the Council aéronauts.

The shepherd stared at the man, not conceiving he could have survived this terrible downfall, and suddenly the mangled body writhed, and the expression of the face changed.

"Good God!" cried the shepherd. "The man is alive." He ran forward and knelt among the wreckage, ejaculating vague helplessness, but fearing to touch the crushed body. He saw the lips of the man were moving and, suddenly motionless and intent, heard faint fragments of speech, heard a name he could not catch. Then the name was repeated, and he perceived that it was "Helen."

For a time the shepherd could distinguish nothing further because the accent was strange and because of the uproar from London that distracted his attention.

The aéropiles were over the distant city now. They went to and fro above it like birds above a carcass, they curved down, and were hidden, and appeared again among the mounting white flames. Two more had overset, their glare blackened the night, and the leaden thudding of guns grew ever more frequent through that remote tumult of battle. The reflection of the burning aéropiles flickered upon the livid face of this last straggler from a vanished age. Whether he saw, the shepherd could not tell, already it seemed his mind was wandering upon the borderland of death. "Weak men," he muttered, and again, "weak men."

"Weak men."

His breathing became laboured. His head nodded and fell forward, his eyes closed. His face softened and insensibly the touch of pain vanished from his lips. His doubts were at an end.

THE END

The New South Wales Lancers

THE arrival last week of a contingent of the New South Wales Lancers for six months' training is another token of the loyal and patriotic feeling that pervades our Colonies. Never was the tie between Mother Country and Colonies closer than it is now, and the Lancers may be sure of a hearty welcome during their stay here. The squadron left Sydney on March 3 on board the White Star liner *Niniveh*. At the Cape they landed and were paraded, exciting much enthusiasm in Cape Town, where their smart appearance and fine physique called forth abundant praise. The *Niniveh* arrived in the Royal Albert Docks on Wednesday afternoon, and next day the squadron marched to Waterloo to go by train to Aldershot. Headed by the band of the Coldstream Guards, the Lancers, with Captain Cox, who is in command of the squadron, on horseback, leading them, were followed by a crowd of people, and were warmly greeted by the spectators who gathered to see them pass by. On the colonnade at the Mansion House were the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs. There was a dense crowd at this point, and the people responded lustily to the call by the Lord Mayor for cheers for the Colonials. At Aldershot Town Station the Lancers were met by the band of the 6th Dragoon Guards, to which regiment they are attached, and by the band of the 13th Hussars, and were played to quarters.

The squadron consists of 106 officers and men. Captain C. F. Fox, in command, is a fine soldierly man of nearly 6 ft. 2 in. He celebrated his thirty-sixth birthday on Tuesday. With him are Lieutenants Rundle and Osborne, both of whom are twenty-three years of age, and have only just received their commissions. The men are a well-set-up body, with an average height of 5 ft. 10 in. Besides undergoing six months' training at Aldershot the squadron will send teams to the Military Tournament and Bisley, at both of which they are expected to render a very good account of themselves. This is not the first time that the regiment has sent detachments over here. It sent a team in 1893 to take part in the Military Tournament, and that team carried off the bulk of the prizes open to the auxiliary forces of the Empire. In 1897 the Lancers sent a detachment of thirty-two to take part in the Jubilee Celebrations, when the fine physique and horsemanship of the men attracted much attention. The patriotism of the corps in sending a detachment over here for training may be best understood when it is stated that the cost of the trip, 4,500/-, is borne by the officers

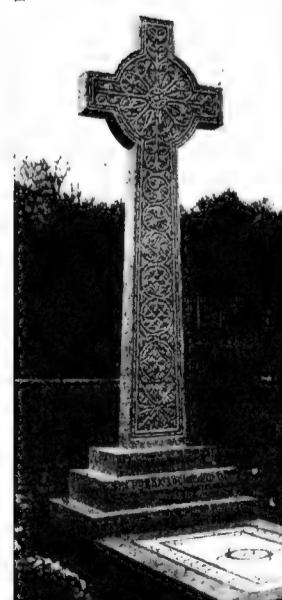
and men and their friends. No public money is voted to defray the expense. Each man has to find 20/- before starting, and the money he will get back in the way of pay will only amount to 16/- The rest of the money was subscribed for by the officers and the public. Thus it will be seen that the men are giving up six months' time and money for pure love of their corps. Unlike the cricket team from Australia, they will go back none the richer for their sacrifice. It is to be hoped that this example will be followed by other Colonial corps, and that the Mother Country will do her share in thus helping to weld her Colonies to her by giving every encouragement to these "sons of the Empire" to come "home" for military training.

THE DOMESTIC SERVANT PROBLEM is quite as great a worry to Transatlantic housewives as to English mistresses. In New York the servants are forming a society, whose members pledge themselves to take situations only under certain conditions. They refuse to clean staircases and windows, to carry up coals, or to wash shirts and collars; they require one whole day a week to themselves, with a fortnight's holiday in the summer; and they demand that they shall have a room in the house where they can receive their friends.



Lieutenant Osborne Colonel Porter, 6th Dragoon Guards Captain C. F. Cox Lieutenant Rundle
Captain Cox is in command of the squadron of New South Wales Lancers, and with him are Lieutenants Rundle and Osborne. The detachment is attached to the 6th Dragoon Guards, commanded by Colonel T. C. Porter. Our photograph is by Charles Knight, Aldershot

THE OFFICERS OF THE NEW SOUTH WALES LANCERS, NOW AT ALDERSHOT



The Grave of Sir Frank Lockwood

A MONUMENT has just been erected over the grave of the late Sir Frank Lockwood, in the cemetery at Putney Vale, adjoining Wimbledon Common. It consists of a massive granite cross, the design being an adaptation of the Ancient Cross at Oransay. The work has been executed for Lady Lockwood by the Art Memorial Company, of West Norwood, S.E.

CYCLES IN FRANCE must now bear a metal plate with the date of the year, and duly certified by a tax-collector. The new regulation came into force on Monday, and any machine found without the plate will entail a fine on its owner.

The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

BY J. ASHLEY-STERRY

WHEN at the banquet of the Royal Academy of Arts the Prime Minister of England gives his opinion on ladies' biking dress, we may consider the subject is one of paramount importance. Said Lord Salisbury in the course of an admirable speech at Burlington House last Saturday evening: "My belief is that if there were a Dante to write an artistic 'Inferno' its lowest circle would be assigned to the ladies who dress themselves in the divided skirt or knickerbockers." This will probably settle the question more quickly than any amount of proceedings of innkeepers and actions at law by people who do not agree with them. There is no law, I believe, to prevent people making guys of themselves; it is a harmless amusement and will soon cease if no one takes any notice of it. I will not go so far as to say that a lady in knickerbockers looks as awkward as a swan on a turnpike road, but she certainly looks far from graceful. As the majority of the fair sex have a desire to preserve their feminine grace we shall probably find it is only a very small minority will persist in appearing in knickerbockers, and most people will cordially endorse Lord Salisbury's views on the subject. It is to be hoped the aforesaid vigorous denunciation of this costume will effectively suppress, for ladies, the wearing of an ungraceful garment with a hideous name, and let us trust that *Punch* will shortly give us a picture of the lowest circle of the Premier's artistic "Inferno."

Aforetime have I commented upon the everlasting nuisance of people sending you unnecessary documents. All my time is taken up in preventing my peaceful home being turned into a public waste-paper basket. Societies are very tiresome in this respect. They will persist in sending you their "proceedings" and "transactions," whereas you do not care twopence whether they proceed or not, and if they fail to transact it doesn't make the slightest difference to you. I have been obliged to leave one society altogether on account of their unreasonable conduct in this matter, and I shall have to cease my membership of several others if they do not moderate their efforts in this direction. Other people who unnecessarily worry me with papers are publishers, who send me countless prospectuses and announcements of new books, and request my name as a subscriber. Now, it is quite useless their doing this, as I never buy a new book, and never enter my name as a subscriber. I can always afford to wait, for I find with a little patience you can generally secure a volume under the published price. So why should they waste their time, printing, paper, and postage on me? On the other hand, I consider the catalogues of second-hand booksellers among the most delightful reading in the world, and you frequently find therein volumes which you particularly desire to possess.

They do not appear to have a very fertile imagination down Lewisham way, and they certainly do not shine in street nomenclature. One of the members of the Lewisham Board of Works said he considered that some proposed titles for new thoroughfares, namely, Phoebeth, Francemary, Arthurdon, Gordon-brock, Amyruth, Henryson, Elsiemaud, Huxbear, and Abbottswell were "the most ridiculous he ever heard." Everyone will doubtless coincide with his gentleman's opinion. Another remarked that the London County Council were opposed to two streets of similar names in the metropolis, "and it was difficult to invent new ones." Not at all. Let the County Council send for me, and I will undertake a consideration of course: never do anything for nothing, for people will think nothing of it—to fit them out with any number of names for any quantity of streets of the most striking and appropriate description. Or, better still, let them give me the appointment of "Godfather of the London Streets" at a salary of—let us say—two thousand a year, and then the thing will be properly done.

The Matinée Hat has long been pronounced a nuisance, but upon my word I think the Private View Head-dress is very nearly as bad. The other day at the Royal Academy it was worse than usual. Not only was the prospect of pictures on the line obliterated, but the startling and crude colours worn absolutely ruined every picture in their neighbourhood. There was a painful arrangement in raw magenta that roused the indignation and vexed the artistic soul of a good friend of mine on the occasion referred to, and he said that such inconsiderate treatment of the artists should at once be stopped, that a committee of Academicians should be on duty at the door to prevent injury to the pictures by such outrages on good taste. I suppose if I had attended the aforesaid private view in a scarlet hat or a sky-blue topper I should have been at once taken in charge by two of those magnificent gentlemen in scarlet gowns and been politely but firmly led out of the building. And yet monstrosities in magenta and enormities in emerald green were allowed to frisk unchallenged without let or hindrance! Why does not someone invent a sober-toned Private View Toque that would neither block out the view nor interfere with the harmonies of the painters? Why? Because if it were invented probably no one would wear it.

The Source of the Niger

THE accompanying photograph of the Source of the Niger, the longest and most important river, next to the Nile, in Africa, was taken in the beginning of the year, and the group of officers therein depicted were some of those who accompanied No. 1 Column of the Sierra Leone Protectorate Expedition. The photograph is taken on French ground, and the fallen trunk forms a point in this boundary between French and English territory, the infant waters of the mighty river rising from a spring beneath it, and moving with a barely perceptible motion into French territory as shown in the picture. The locality itself is situated on the slope of a hill, and some difficulty was experienced in reaching it, owing to the density of the tropical vegetation by which it was enveloped. Indeed, so dense was the growth that it seemed almost impossible to obtain the wished-for photograph. However, by the free use of the machete, and by the ruthless sacrifice of some lovely tree ferns, a dim religious light at length began to filter through the over-arching branches of the taller trees, and an exposure of the plate for some minutes in the camera gave the desired result. The reflection of the stick in Lieut. O'Flaherty's hand is shown on the surface of the water. The Niger rises near Mount Komkowanti and close to a village of the same name, on the north-easterly frontier of Sierra Leone, in a mountainous and uninteresting country which is but sparsely inhabited by a dirty and extremely lazy people. The towns and villages, owing to the frequent border raids, are mostly situated on high hills difficult of access. Our troops, with the occasional exception of a few frontier police, had never been seen in these parts—and it was with the intention of showing that our power remained unimpaired after the rebellion in the previous spring that the recent expedition was ordered. The Falaba columns left Freetown in December, and frequently sub-dividing and re-uniting, beat all the boundaries, and traversed the northern portion of the Protectorate. By the time they had reached the subject of this photo, they had marched some 320 miles, mostly along narrow mountain-

Lieut. Bailey
(R.A.)Lieut. H. E. Green
(Scot. Rifles.)Lieut. O'Flaherty
(R.A.M.C.)Capt. Marescaux
(Shropshire L.I.)Lieut. P. Allen
(Nott'm. Rifles)

THE SIERRA LEONE TROUBLES: AT THE SOURCE OF THE NIGER

ous paths, enclosed by thick bush. No fighting was anticipated, but on reaching Waima, some sixty to seventy miles further south, near the Liberian border, it was found that the Gkissis, a powerful and numerous tribe inhabiting both sides of the border, had risen, and the columns received instructions to act against them. Many days were occupied in these operations, the rebels being everywhere defeated with but slight loss to the British, and the Falaba columns, having marched over 500 miles in fifty days, eventually joined the other columns at Karne-Lahun on the Liberian frontier—then exploring the centre of the Protectorate. No. 1 Falaba column returned to Freetown on March 4, after a march of some 800 miles.

Railways in North Borneo

A STRIKING feature in the opening up of new countries in the latter years of the century has been the recognition of the value of railways as pioneers, culminating in the "Cape to Cairo" scheme. In the Far East again, we find the directors of the British North Borneo Company—which has added a territory as large as Ireland to the British Empire—have already twenty-three miles of line open through a wild district which, under the influence of proper transport facilities, is fast being settled and cultivated. So successful has this little section of line been in developing the country that the directors have just entered into a contract with a leading financial house who have made arrangements with Messrs. Pauling and Company, Limited, for the immediate survey of the country, with the view to extending the railway for a further ninety miles. Railway travelling in Borneo at present is not quite up to the third-class dining car standard as will be seen from the subjoined sketch of a "first-class" carriage, but as compared with a mere jungle track of pre-railway days this primitive conveyance represents a vast advance in comfort. It is satisfactory to learn that the directors give very encouraging reports as to the tobacco and other industries of their territory, and are more hopeful of important developments from experimental gold working.



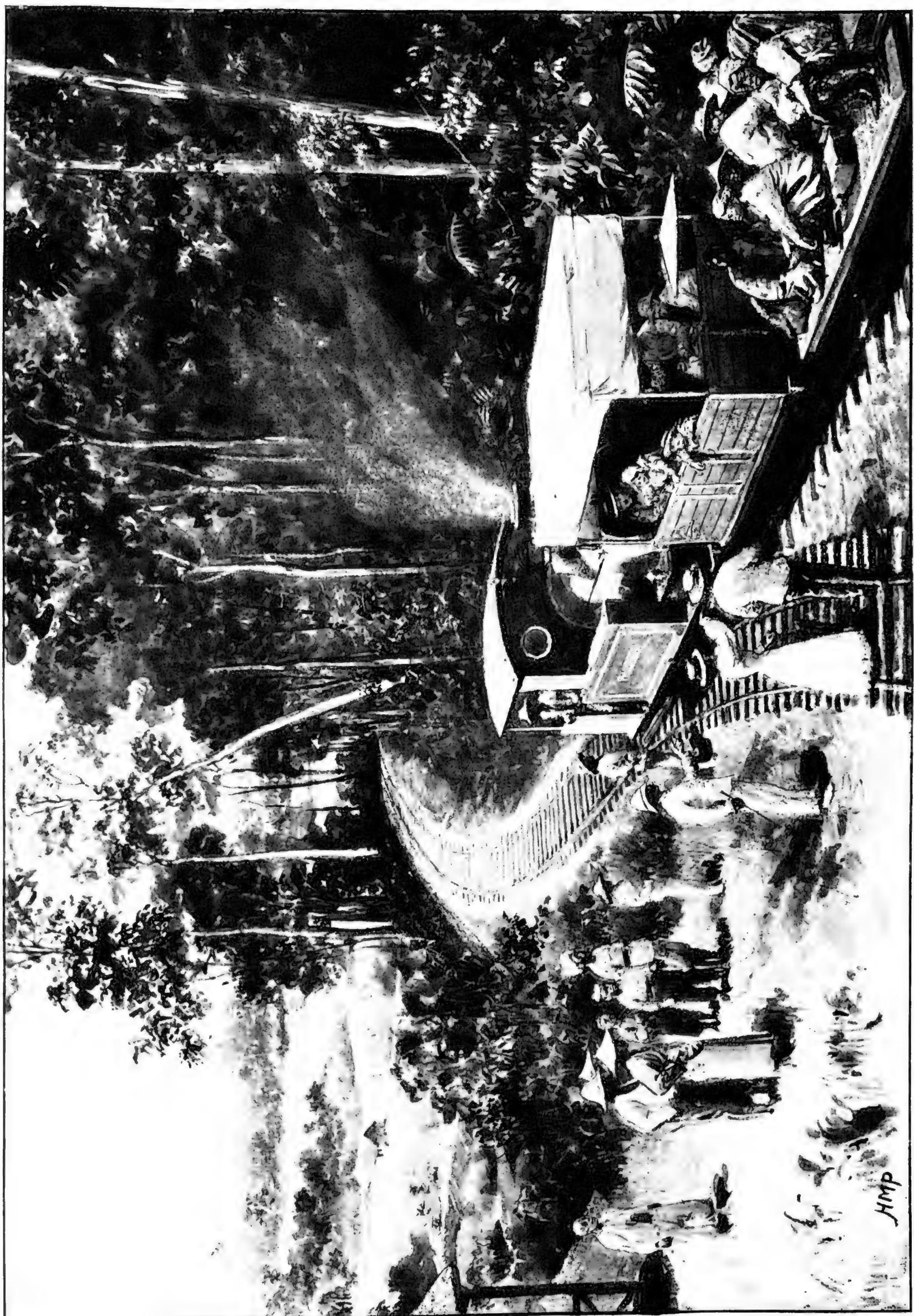
DRAWN BY J. NASH, R.I.

Our correspondent writes:—"In a very few minutes after the warning signal was given that all British subjects in Apia should repair on board H.M.S. *Royalist*, crowds of people, white and coloured, were on their way to that vessel, the decks of which were in a very short time crowded with frightened refugees, mostly women and children. . . . It was terribly hard for the ladies. A man-of-war of the size of H.M.S. *Royalist*

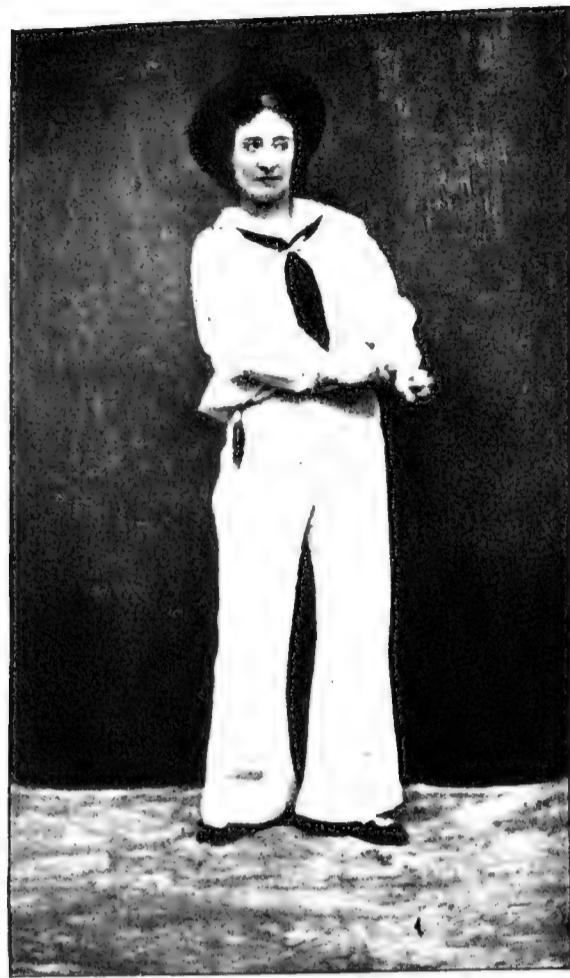
is not exactly a place where a number of ladies and young children can be lodged even for a few days with much comfort. But the ladies soon accommodated themselves to their surroundings, and were found writing letters home, or occupying themselves in various ways amid all sorts of confusion."

THE CRISIS IN SAMOA: THE HARDSHIPS OF THE REFUGEES ON A BRITISH WARSHIP

FROM A SKETCH BY W. H. PYM, R.N.



OPENING UP A NEW COUNTRY: A WAYSIDE STATION ON THE RAILWAY IN BRITISH NORTH BORNEO



IN "LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD"
From a Photograph by Adolphe Beau

Miss Lydia Thompson

A FEW RECOLLECTIONS

BY W. MOY THOMAS

IN the memory of old playgoers and friends of the stage who can recall the great Crystal Palace *fête* on behalf of that now long forgotten and not too fortunate project, the Dramatic College at Maybury, there lingers still, after the lapse of nearly forty years, a rare and radiant vision. It is that of a young lady with a merry smile, a mass of wavy blonde hair and a wide-brimmed straw hat (trimmed with apple green ribbons), who, like many other members of her profession, was keeping a stall on that occasion in the interest of her less fortunate sister and brother artists. I am afraid that the portrait would not be complete if I failed to note that the amateur stall-keeper's dress of pale fawn silk was distended by that strange vagary of fashion—a wide-spreading crinoline; but custom and association reconcile us in this world to many strange things, and in those



IN "BLUE BEARD"
From a Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Co.



IN "ROBINSON CRUSOE"
From a Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Co.

days, if we did not happen to be "advanced" persons, we saw nothing in this hideous fancy but what was graceful and becoming. Witness the crowd that gathered round this lucky stall; witness the roaring trade in knicknackeries which this blonde-haired lady was doing and the shower of coin which was dropping from her fingers into the treasury of the College. The merry stall-keeper was Lydia Thompson, otherwise "Little Silver Hair"—the lady whose name has been so much in our ears this week in association with the great benefit performance at the Lyceum.

Yes; it cannot be much less than forty years since the *fête* on behalf of a project which originated in a gift of land and money from the original of Boffin, the Golden Dustman, and aroused a warm interest in the hearts of Dickens, Thackeray, Charles Kean, and Benjamin Webster—drew great crowds to the heights of Sydenham. Miss Thompson's name, it must be confessed, has grown less familiar to us since then. One cannot go on indefinitely playing Little Silver Hairs and Little Bo-peeps in brilliant extravaganzas at the Haymarket. Miss Thompson originally won renown as a dancer—have we not been recently reminded that someone said that on an early professional tour she "danced her way through the theatres of Germany," happy in an art that appeals to all nations and needs no translation? But there comes—at least to ordinary mortals—a time when one's dancing days are over.



IN "LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD"
From a Photograph by Adolphe Beau



IN "THE UNPROTECTED FEMALE"
From a Photograph by Adolphe Beau, Forest Hill



IN "THE MIDDY ASHORE"
From a Photograph by Adolphe Beau



IN "PIFF PAFF"
From a Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Co.

MISS LYDIA THOMPSON IN SOME OF HER GREATEST SUCCESSES

I do not know that Miss Thompson ever arrived at that period; my notion, indeed, is that I have seen her very long since the Palace *féte* dancing on the stage with little visible abatement of her early grace and spirit; but when she took to playing character parts such as Fanchette in Stirling Coyne's *Pets of the Parterre* and Norah in Mr. Falconer's *Woman; or, Love against the World*, the old ties were loosened. At the St. James's and at the Charing Cross Theatre—or was it then known as the Folly?—under her husband's, Mr. Alexander Henderson's, management, though she played in comedies, she was also seen in burlesques of the old, witty, word-quibbling, Byron pattern, in which it was her function to supply the elements of brightness and personal charm, and say what the "deep-browed sophist" may, there is nothing like the talent for a leading position in burlesque for securing a hold upon the affections of the public. There were also her famous burlesque performances at the Strand—notably that amusingly popular production, *The Field of the Cloth of Gold*; but she went away to America, and American audiences took a great fancy to her. It was first a short visit; then they enticed her back again, and gradually, as is not seldom the case, she came to be better known in New York than in London—in Boston and Philadelphia than in Manchester or Birmingham. She had the reputation of being the first English manager who ever organised a complete company for "the road," as the players say, on the great continent of America. Her *Penelope* Company, which sailed with her for New York in the autumn of 1888, was long familiar on the other side of the Atlantic. She had appeared, if I remember rightly, that same year in the comic opera of *Babette* at the Strand Theatre; but, like Lord Tennyson's Ulysses, she "could not rest from travel." "In 1856," says one of her American worshippers, "she toured Europe, and has since visited all its capital cities, in some of which she was

renaded by moonlight, whilst in

America she reigns supreme in the hearts

of that large section who go the burlesque

ticket. The boot-blacks of Cincinnati

subscribed their dimes, and presented

her with a silver laurel leaf, which

touched her heart more deeply than

anything else. In Australia (adds this

admirer) she is no less a favourite, and



After being entertained at luncheon by Admiral Fournier on board the French flag-ship *Brennus*, the King and Queen of Italy proceeded to the site of the new municipal building in Cagliari, of which His Majesty laid the foundation-stone after its consecration by the Archbishop of Cagliari

THE KING OF ITALY LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE NEW MUNICIPAL BUILDING AT CAGLIARI

From a Sketch by A. Banchini

Tripper

Trumble

Johns

Howell

Major Wardill

Noble

Laver

McLeod



THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKET TEAM NOW VISITING THIS COUNTRY

From a Photograph by Reinhold Thiele and Co., Chancery Lane

Calcutta still raves about her. She is, in fact, a cosmopolitan of the widest experience." Some abatement must, no doubt, be made from all this on account of personal enthusiasm; but there can be no question that as a burlesque actress, in such characters as the accompanying illustrations depict, Miss Thompson enjoyed for some years among us a popularity only exceeded by that of Miss Nellie Farren, who has been exerting herself so energetically to make the great benefit of this week a success. When Miss Thompson came back to us a few years ago, at the Gaiety and Terry's, it was in what are technically known as "Dowager parts," which awakened no associations in the minds of old play-goers, and conveyed to the new generation no notion of her former self. The dramatic biographers tell us that she made her *début* as a principal dancer at Her Majesty's Theatre in 1852—a period when the ballet at the opera, though fallen from its high estate, was still accounted a very important element in the attractions of the bill. As the lady was then only fourteen years of age, it may be that there is some little exaggeration in this statement, but it is certain that it was her skill in dancing which first brought her into notice. Altogether Miss Thompson's career has been a remarkable one, and not the least gratifying of its episodes is the great demonstration of Tuesday last.

THE HEALTHIEST LIGHT.—When electric light comes into general use, says *The Golden Penny*, it is likely that at least 40,000 less people will die every year in the United Kingdom. This seems a large number, but it is really only a lowering of the death-rate by one per thousand. One of the causes why the winter death-rate is so high is the unhealthiness of gas, lamps, and candles. A single gas jet consumes as much air as four or five people, and as it also gives off a lot of sulphurous fumes and poisonous carbonic acid, it is easy to understand why we feel sleepy in a gas-lit room. The sleepiness is really a symptom of partial poisoning. But oil lamps and candles are quite as bad, seriously injuring the lungs. The electric light, on the other hand, consumes no oxygen and does not cast a particle of impurity into the air.



"CHICKS"

FROM THE PAINTING BY A. J. ELSLEY

BY PERMISSION OF THE BLITZ PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY

LIBRARY

THE GRAPHIC



COLONEL HECTOR MACDONALD



THE LATE MR. JABEZ HOGG



THE LATE DR. THOMAS NEDLEY

CAPTAIN LESLIE STUART
Of H.M.S. *Tauranga*

Our Portraits

COLONEL HECTOR ARCHIBALD MACDONALD, C.B., D.S.O., who has just returned from the Soudan, it will be remembered, commanded the Soudanese Brigade in the Battle of Omdurman, and but for his consummate generalship that brigade, which bore the whole force of the Dervish attack, must have been destroyed. Colonel MacDonald has been receiving a Highland welcome in Scotland, where he has gone home for a well-earned rest. To-day (Saturday) he is to be presented with a sword of honour at the Cecil Hotel. He has by his bravery and ability risen from the lowest to the highest ranks. He was born in 1852, and enlisted in 1870 in the Gordon Highlanders. His first active service was in the Afghan war of 1879-80, when he was twice mentioned in despatches, was awarded the medal with three clasps and the bronze star, and earned his commission. He served with his regiment in the South African Campaign of 1881, and has taken part in all the fighting in the Soudan for the past fifteen years. Since 1888 he has been employed with the Egyptian Army. He was awarded the D.S.O. in 1890, and the C.B. in 1897. Colonel MacDonald is one of the most popular officers in the Army.

Captain Leslie Creery Stuart, R.N., of H.M.S. *Tauranga*, has earned high praise for his conduct during the recent fighting in Samoa. He is described as "doing everything that is possible," and, says the correspondent, "it is recognised that a better man

could not be found for the work in hand." And the work has been of no easy nature. It was due to Captain Stuart's firmness that the friendlies were forbidden to follow their barbarous custom of beheading the bodies of the enemy who were left dead on the field. Captain Stuart, who was born in 1851, joined the Navy in 1865, and reached his present rank in 1893. He served as a lieutenant on board the *Minotaur* during the Egyptian War of 1882, and wears the Egyptian medal and the Khedive's bronze star. He was appointed to the *Tauranga* last February. Telegrams from Samoa, lately received, described the *Tauranga* shelling the rebels' position, while a brigade under Lieutenant Gaunt, R.N., of H.M.S. *Porpoise*, captured the German flag which was flying on one of the forts. Captain Stuart, on the return of the brigade, signalled "Well done, Gaunt's brigade."—Our portrait is by Lusher and Son, Hamilton, Bermuda.

Mr. Jabez Hogg, who died last week at the age of eighty-two, was the youngest son of the late Mr. John Hogg, of the Royal Dockyard, Chatham. He was educated at the Rochester Grammar School, and in 1843 joined the staff of the *Illustrated London News*, which had been established a year, and he afterwards edited a series of illustrated educational books published by the proprietors of that paper. In 1845 he turned his attention to medicine, and became a student at the Hunterian School of Medicine and at Charing Cross Hospital. In 1850 he became M.R.C.S., and began to practise as ophthalmic surgeon, and soon obtained a high reputation. At the

time of his death he was consulting surgeon to the Royal Westminster Ophthalmic Hospital, the Hospital for Women and Children, and to the Royal Masonic Institutions. Mr. Hogg was Vice-President of the Medical Society in 1851, was elected a Fellow of the Linnean Society in 1866, and honorary secretary of the Royal Microscopical Society from 1867 to 1872. He was the first President of the Medical Microscopical Society. A prominent Freemason, and a generous supporter of Masonic charities, Mr. Hogg was in 1889 appointed by the Prince of Wales Grand Sword Bearer in Supreme Grand Chapter. He was author of many well-known works on medical subjects.—Our portrait is by J. Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

Dr. Thomas Nedley, whose death in his eightieth year occurred last week, had been for more than half a century one of the most popular medical men in Dublin. He was for many years the official medical attendant of the Viceregal Household, and was until recently surgeon to the Dublin Metropolitan Police. Dr. Nedley was a great favourite in Dublin society, and was well known as a brilliant *raconteur*. Indeed, it was due to his rare wit rather than to his professional abilities that he became so prominent. All the good stories told in Dublin for fifty years were told of him, and it is no wonder that his company was eagerly sought at dinner. He married a niece of the late Baron O'Hagan.—Our portrait is by Chancellor and Son, Dublin.



A bazaar organised by the Society for the Encouragement of Hungarian Home Industries was opened last week by the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador and Countess Deym at the Portman Rooms. The stalls were

placed in models of picturesque homesteads in Hungary, and ladies and gentlemen in national costume lent a reality to the scene. The bazaar, which was one of the prettiest of the season, was in every way a great success

"HUNGARY IN LONDON": THE BAZAAR IN THE PORTMAN ROOMS

DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

The Queen's Homeward Journey

THE Queen's Continental holiday is over, and by Thursday evening Her Majesty expected to be once more settled on English soil. From first to last the Royal visit to Cimiez has been a success in every way. No place suits the Queen's health better; indeed, it is the general remark how well and strong Her Majesty seems. Moreover, the Queen feels so thoroughly at home in Cimiez, thanks to the great care taken for her comfort and enjoyment, and to the respect and affection shown by everyone with whom Her Majesty comes in contact, from official to peasant. This year, too, the Queen has had much more rest and quiet than before, as there were fewer Royal relatives visiting the Riviera, and therefore less entertaining to be gone through. Her Majesty keenly appreciates the kindness shown her, and has left very substantial tokens of her feelings by a shower of gifts—souvenirs to officials of all grades and money for the poor and suffering. One of the Queen's most notable gifts is a beautiful silver loving cup of the George III. period to M. Paoli, who, as Special Inspector for several successive years, has had the responsible duty of watching over Her Majesty's safety during her stay at Cimiez. The inscription on the cup speaks of his "faithful services, highly appreciated."

The most important event during the last few days at Cimiez was the Queen's inauguration of the new bridge over the River Paillon, at Nice. Leave-takings and farewell visits to favourite spots occupied the time till the Queen's departure, Her Majesty spending her mornings in the grounds of the Villa Liserb and the afternoons in long excursions. For the last time the Royal party took tea *al fresco* on the plateau at Mont Boron, overlooking the Baie des Anges, on the heights of La Turbie, and at their favourite Falicon in an orange grove. Dinner parties were given nightly, many of the

guests being the civil and military officials of the neighbourhood, with their wives, besides French and English naval officers. The various military bands in garrison also played before the Royal party in turn.

Her Majesty left on Tuesday afternoon. Stoppages on the road were few and far between, as all arrangements were made for meals on the train, while no official greetings were in the programme. Cherbourg would be reached on Wednesday evening, when the Queen would embark on board the *Victoria and Albert* lying in the harbour. Some of the French officials were to be received, but otherwise the Royal party would be left in perfect quiet on board the yacht. The crossing was fixed for Thursday morning, weather permitting, Windsor being reached in time for dinner.

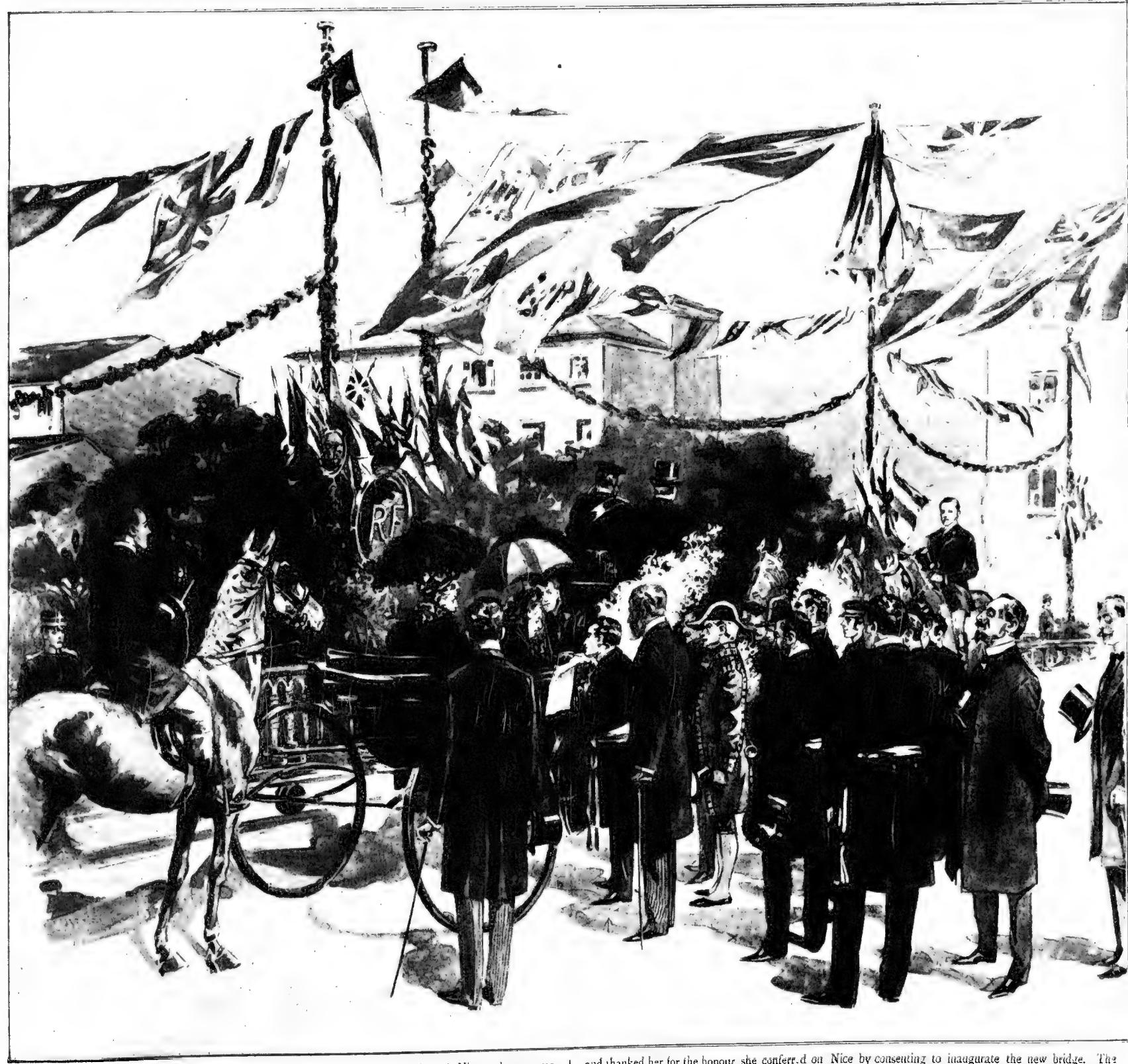
If her subjects have their own way the Queen's eightieth birthday on the 24th inst. will be celebrated with hearty enthusiasm. Her Majesty, having decided to spend the anniversary at Windsor instead of at Balmoral, there will be grand doings at the Castle. A serenade from the various Windsor Musical Societies, together with the choirs of St. George's and Eton College, will be the feature of the morning, and in the evening the family dinner party is to be followed by the performance of *Lohengrin* in the Waterloo Chamber. In town the opening of the Royal apartments at Kensington Palace will mark the day. The Prince of Wales has been over the rooms to see the arrangements, while the Queen will pay a private visit when in town next. The gardens of the Queen's Cottage at Kew have already been thrown open to the public without any ceremony.

Court life in London wakes up afresh with the return of the Queen and the other Royalties from abroad. The State functions begin with this week's Levée, held by the Duke of Connaught, who has just come home with the Duchess and family, after five months' absence. On Wednesday there will be the Drawing Room, held by Princess Christian, on the Queen's behalf, and ever, bo

hopes that Her Majesty will be present—if only for a short time—at the next Drawing Room, on the 16th. The Queen then intends to stay in town, in order to lay the foundation stone of the new buildings of the South Kensington Museum on the 17th. Next day follows a State Ball, while the first State Concert of the season is fixed for June 2.

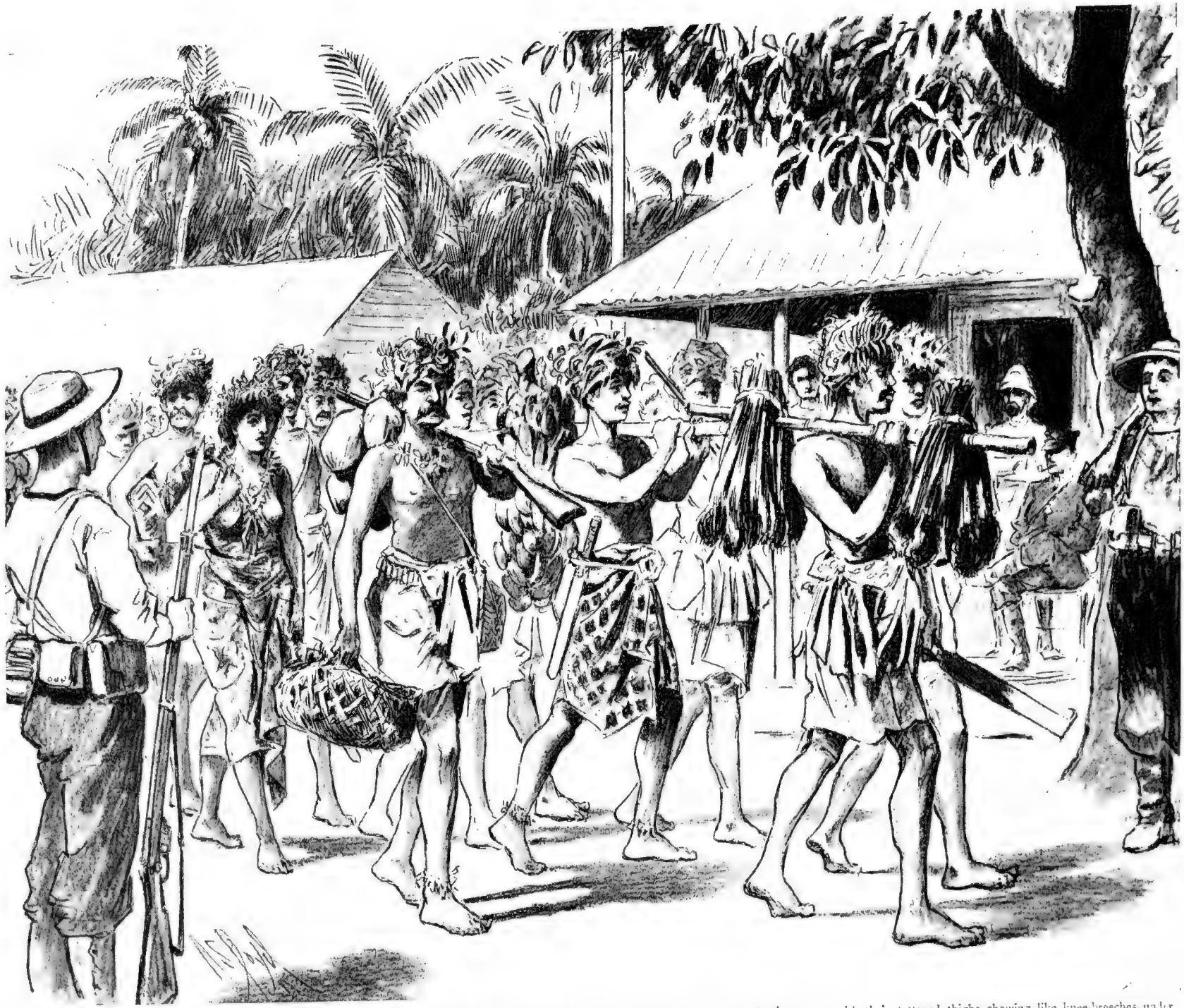
The Prince of Wales has had little leisure since coming home. On returning to town from Newmarket he received the new United States Ambassador, was present at the wedding in Westminster Abbey of Lady Katherine Scott and the Hon. T. W. Brand, and presided at the dinner of the Saturday Lifeboat Fund before going down to Chester to stay at Ruthin Castle with Colonel and Mrs. Cornwallis-West for the races. A large house party met the Prince, who was at the races each day. During his absence the Duke of York was taking up the duty of attending various charitable functions in town, having just returned with the Duchess from North Wales. The Duke and Duchess went down to Kew on Sunday to attend the Dedication Service of the window placed in the Parish Church to the Duchess of Teck's memory. The window is put up by the parishioners in remembrance of the Duchess worshipping in the church during her youth, and another will shortly be added by British soldiers and sailors. Close by is the window erected by the Duke of Cambridge to his mother. The Princess of Wales and her daughters are at Aix-en-Provence after a short visit to Crete.

The second Royal Silver Wedding of the year was celebrated on Saturday—that of Duke Charles Theodore of Bavaria and the Duchess Marie Josepha, a Princess of Braganza. The couple are most cordially beloved for their charitable work among the poor, the Duke devoting his whole life to practising as an oculist. He works chiefly at Tegernsee, maintaining several ophthalmic hospitals, and is most skilled in his profession, while the Duchess is an active helper.



A new bridge called "Le Pont Barla," over the River Paillon, that runs through Nice to the sea, was formally opened by the Queen last week. The bridge was decorated with garlands and an abundant display of flags, English and French predominating. On her arrival, at four o'clock, the Queen was received near the centre of the bridge, where a white silk ribbon was stretched across by the Mayo, Deputies, Municipal Councillors, and others. The Mayor, advancing to the carriage, presented the Queen with a large bouquet,

and thanked her for the honour she conferred on Nice by consenting to inaugurate the new bridge. The Queen replied, and when she had accepted some other bouquets, the ribbon was cut, and the Royal Carriage passed over. Five minutes after the crowd was let loose and thronged the bridge from end to end. Sir Edmund Monson and some gentlemen of the Queen's Household were also present at the ceremony.



Business in Apia is practically suspended, writes our Special Artist, and the main thoroughfare is guarded by bluejackets, who allow nobody to pass along without the formal permit from headquarters. The Malietoa party, fully armed, make frequent excursions into the bush, but these expeditions are more for foraging than for skirmishing, and the army returns laden with coconuts, yams, bananas, and other fruits and

vegetables. They are extremely picturesque with their tattooed thighs showing like knee-breeches under their waist-cloths, their red head-gear decorated with leaves and twining plants, and the large splashes of black war-paint on their faces, which are supposed to lend distinction to their appearance. Women accompany the men on these occasions and bear their share of the burdens.

THE CRISIS IN SAMOA: A FORAGING PARTY RETURNING TO APIA FROM THE BUSH

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. S. BOYD

Notes from the Magazines

THE VANISHING OF UNIVERSAL PEACE

"DIPLOMATICUS," writing in the *Fortnightly Review* on the coming Peace Conference, holds out very little hope of anything coming of that Conference in the way of a durable peace without the elimination of the perils—and especially the Alsace question—by which that peace is menaced. Alsace, though it stands in the front of the perils and grievances which block the road to a durable peace, does not stand alone:—

There are the questions of the Russian Baltic provinces, which ought to be German; of Finland, which ought to be Swedish; of Schleswig-Holstein, which ought to be Danish; of the Savoy, Trent and Trieste, which ought to be Italian; of Antwerp, which ought to be Dutch; of Bosnia and Herzegovinia, which should be Serbian; of Macedonia, for which there are four claimants; and of Gibraltar, which is geographically Spanish. There is, too, the question of the Dardanelles, which could not be discussed at the proposed Congress, except at the expense of the withdrawal of the Tsar's representatives, and there are the temporal claims of the Papacy, which could not well be ignored. Nor could the list be limited to Europe. M. Notovitch has pointed out that if the "principes d'équité et de droit" are to prevail, the rightful ownership of Egypt, and the Antilles, would have to be settled. It must surely be clear that merely to raise these questions would produce a storm, while to attempt to solve them all, or, perhaps, even one of them, would precipitate the very war of which Europe stands in dread.

A much more interesting point, though, there is which "Diplomaticus" brings forward. "Would a scheme of Disarmament or Reduction of Armaments," he asks, "be quite as desirable as the Tsar seems to think?" Its immediate effect might be to relieve the burdens of taxation, but at the same time it would rob war of some of its terrors, and thus add a new peril to those which now threaten the general peace.

No peace is possible in Europe without an armed force behind it. This force must be either concentrated or distributed. In 1816 it was concentrated; to-day it is distributed. If, in its present form, it is larger and more expensive than formerly was, the reason is that the dangers to be provided against are more serious and numerous, and that the Powers attach a greater value to their

independence and sovereignty. The European armaments on their present scale are, in short, a deterrent from war. They are so adjusted as to render a successful war not worth striving for. The moment, however, they were reduced, the prizes of war would outweigh its risks, and peace would be at an end.

This is a point which our friends the Peace Commissioners will doubtless carefully weigh.

THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN

Mr. Goldwin Smith, in the *Contemporary*, has a few strong words to say on the subject of Imperialism in the United States. Do the Americans, he says, desire to take their glorious share of "The White Man's Burden" by uplifting a degraded and down-trodden race? "They have a noble field within their own borders, where there are nine millions of negroes about as down-trodden and degraded as any race can be." Since the war the whites of the North and the South have fraternised and made friends, but "between the whites of the South and the blacks of the gulf of estrangement and mutual hatred has been growing wider." The whites have practically nullified the Constitutional Amendment giving the political franchise to the negro, while "you can hardly take up an American paper without reading an account of the lynching of negroes, which is often attended with circumstances of cruelty such as reveal the depth of race hatred and contempt." He adds, too, significantly enough, "No lynch, it is believed, has yet been punished." So much for the American side of the question. As far as Great Britain is concerned, Mr. Goldwin Smith does not seem to care much more about the prospects of American Imperialism, for, as he says:—

The first and most obvious fruit of inviting the Americans to an Imperial career is the creation of an American fleet, which will put an end to British supremacy in those waters.

VERESTCHAGIN AND MEISSONIER

To the same review the famous Russian painter and author contributes some reminiscences of Meissonier, which, if they do not bring forth anything absolutely new, are eminently characteristic of

the brilliant Frenchman. "Everyone is aware," says M. Verestchagin, "of the conscientious way in which Meissonier executed his work, but few know the labour and expense he bestowed on the preparations for it. I remember, for instance, his painting a horseman, in a dress of the last century, passing along a deserted road in a strong wind. The cloak was flowing, and the head of the rider, with his cap over his ears, was bowing before the storm, which was bringing on heavy clouds and lashing the grass and trees":—

Both the horse and the rider were first beautifully modelled in wax. The former model had a bridle and saddle elegantly worked out in every detail from the real materials. The rider's cloak, hat, and spurred boots were also miniature masterpieces, executed after drawings of the period. In order to get the folds of the twisting cloak it was dipped into thin glue, so that it stiffened in its proper pose. In short, everything was ingeniously fitted up so as to insure the greatest possible perfection of the picture, and showed, at any rate, very uncommon demands upon the artist's skill.

"But how did you paint the snowy road in your picture of 'Napoleon in 1814'?" I asked him.

In reply, he picked out from under the table a low platform, about a metre and a half square, and said:

"On this I prepared all that was required, snow, mud, and rats. I kneaded the clay, and pushed across it this piece of canvas several times, up and down. With a sharp hoof I then pressed the marks of the horses' feet; I strewn flour over it, pushed the canvas across again, and continued to do so until I obtained the semblance of a real road. Then I salted it, and the road was ready."

"What did you salt it for?"

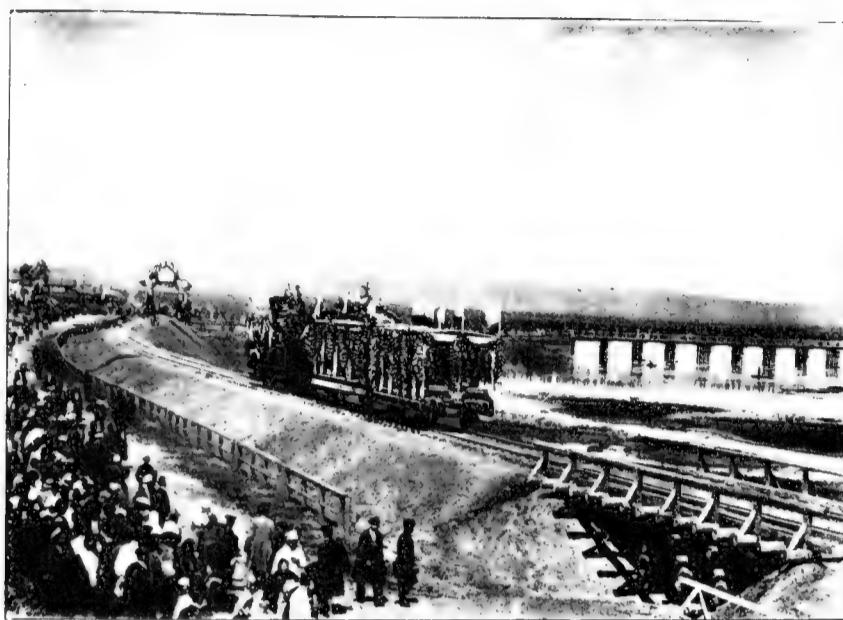
"To get the brilliancy of the snow. Why do you smile? How else could you do it?"

"It was very ingenious," I answered. "Je vous fais mes compliments. But if I had been you, I should have gone to Russia, where nearly every road is dug up in the way you represented, and should have painted a study from nature."

"Yes! But nous autres Parisiens do not move about so easily."

VOLUNTEERS IN CUBA

One of the most interesting contributions to *Scribner* is the continuation of Colonel Roosevelt's narrative of his experiences with the Rough Riders in Cuba. It would be well, perhaps, if all American officers showed as good an understanding of what is required of them as the writer does when he says not merely



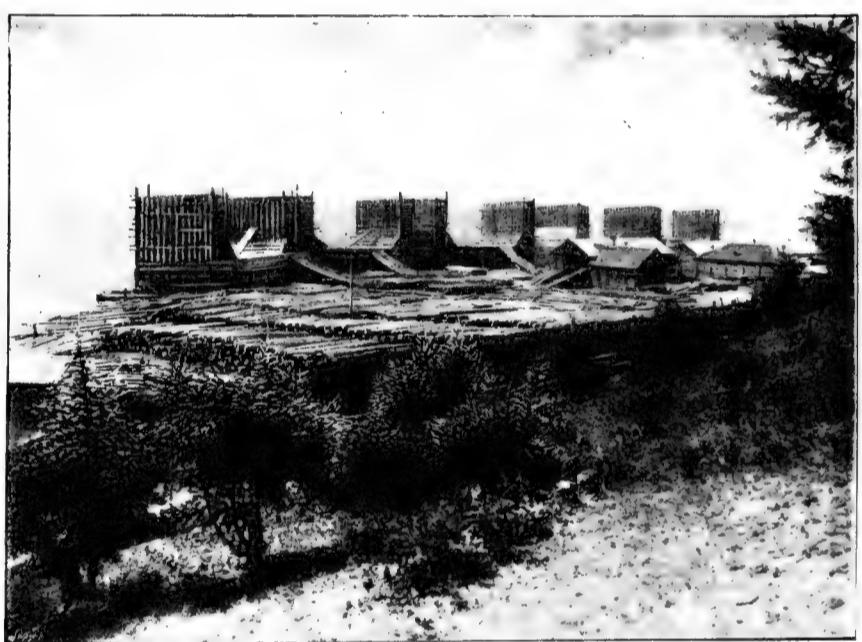
THE FIRST TRAIN TO REACH IRKUTSK, NEAR LAKE BAIKAL,



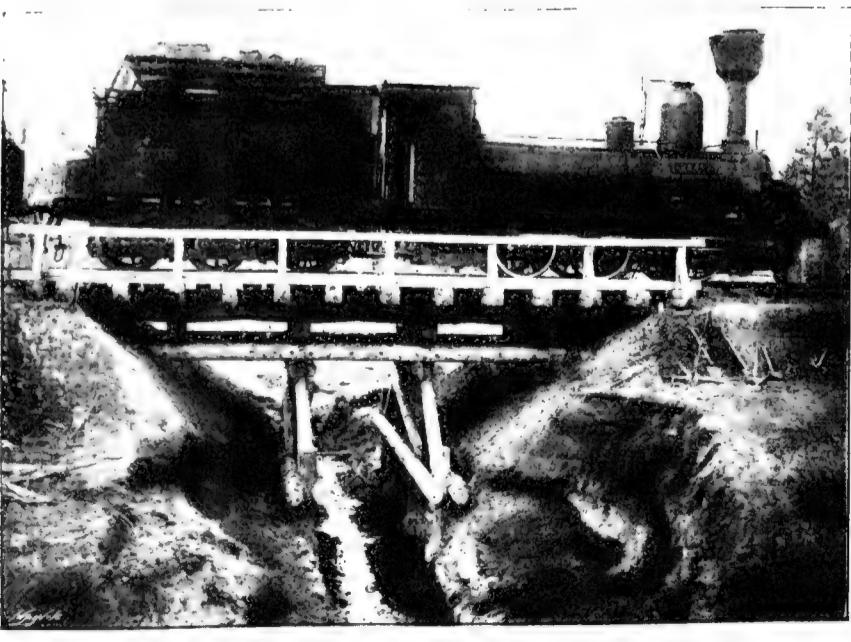
A RAILWAY BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER GREAT URYA ON THE MIDDLE SIBERIAN SECTION



TYPE OF RAILWAY STATION ON THE TRANS-SIBERIAN LINE



DOCKS FOR ICE BREAKERS IN COURSE OF ERECTION AT LISTVENITCHAIA, ON LAKE BAIKAL



TESTING A RAILWAY BRIDGE ON THE MIDDLE SIBERIAN SECTION



GOLD WASHING ON THE RIVER MOORSHNA, IN THE YENISEISK GOVERNMENT

that "the best work can be got out of the men only if the officers endure the same hardships and face the same risks," for this is a truism, but:—

It is a mistake for an officer ever to grow too familiar with his men no matter how good they are; and it is, of course, the greatest possible mistake to seek popularity either by showing weakness or mollycoddling the men. They will never respect a commander who does not enforce discipline.

Nor is Colonel Roosevelt, despite his justifiable pride in his regiment, by any means blind to the defects of the American administration throughout the recent war. On one occasion, he relates, a foreign military attaché visited his headquarters, together with a foreign correspondent who had been through the Turco-Greek war:—

They were both most friendly critics, and as they knew I was aware of this, the correspondent finally ventured the remark, that he thought our soldiers fought even better than the Turks, but that on the whole our system of military administration seemed rather worse than that of the Greeks.

"Place aux Dames"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

It is a moot point whether the next generation will produce such strong, sturdy, long-lived specimens of humanity as did the last. We are on the verge of celebrating the Queen's eightieth birthday; only recently we buried Mr. Gladstone and Mrs. Keeley, Sir John Moore, Mr. Charles Villiers, and Fanny Duchess of Marlborough, to the last rejoicing in unimpaired faculties and keen vitality. The Duke of Cambridge, the Duchess of Cleveland, Mr. Ruskin, and many others are fortunately still with us. The alert, active mind, the extreme vivacity of sensation, the eager interest taken in everything, were the supreme characteristics of all these persons, who died practically in harness, never having reached that wretched state of senile incapacity, "the second childhood," the mere oblivion, sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything." Another of these sturdy veterans is now fighting in committee of the House of Commons against a Bill calculated to damage his lovely Scotch possessions, by withdrawing water from his lakes. Sir Robert Menzies is a rare fine example of the old Scotch laird. When a youth he was one of the successful eight who won the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race, under supreme difficulties. As a man he once beat the stage coach from Carlisle to Glasgow on foot, and now as a veteran he thinks nothing of walking twenty miles in the day. True, all his time has been passed among the heather, in the pure mountain air, and away from the feverish excitement of town life.

The expenditure of a fashionable woman on her clothes may be gauged from an action brought by a milliner against a gentleman for the payment of his wife's bill. In the course of the evidence the manageress stated that many ladies bought a new hat every day, and another remarked that the same client had paid her 25/- for hats for one season only. That this is a somewhat exaggerated estimate for the ordinary woman, no doubt, may be conceded, yet when milliners demand from 5/- to 10/- per hat, and new headgear must be bought for all occasions, it will readily be conceded that dress has reached a very high standard of luxury.

The discussion on distributive kitchens, and the trattoria system has elicited one interesting fact, viz., that the middle classes, those whose incomes range from three to four or five hundred a year, cannot afford to spend more than a shilling a day on each individual's food. Of course no restaurant can provide meals at those prices, and thus the system does not seem to afford housekeepers any relief from domestic worries; one drawback to the adoption of it in England is of course the numberless meals served at different hours required by the rules of English households. In one family I knew there were five breakfasts to be prepared every morning. In all there are at least four separate servants' meals in addition to the nursery and dining-room. This is entirely done away with by the wise foreign habit of children and parents dining together, and the remains of the food being given to the servants, the cooking, the labour, and the number of utensils to be washed up, being thus simplified and reduced. The problem of housekeeping and the scarcity of good servants is one that presses hardly on the middle classes, where small incomes are the rule.

Whether women should be churchwardens, mayors, aldermen, or County Councillors may be fairly considered an open question. The necessity for their presence on the School Boards is no longer doubted. When a man in the position of Sir John Gorst makes the



MR. AND MRS. WYNDHAM PORTAL

statement that the army of child labour, and the early age at which children leave school constitutes one of the most painful social problems of the day, one feels, that here is a question to concern women, and one in which they are entitled to have a voice. The rich mother is ever on the alert lest her child's brain should be over-worked, she carefully superintends the times of study, and insists on many hours of recreation and open-air enjoyment, and she urges the necessity of good strengthening food, while children are growing, and developing their brains. But for the poor child all this is reversed. Badly nourished and miserably fed, he reaches school already under disadvantageous conditions. When lessons are over he must labour, and take his part in the race for wealth like his parents; even children of tender age are employed in various avocations for many hours: 110,000 boys and 34,000 girls are, it is said, thus engaged in earning wages. One can quite sympathise with the parents, who are poor themselves, and concerned in a bitter struggle to make ends meet and keep their heads above water, but every woman's heart must bleed for the mites whose brains are worked in one direction, while their bodies labour in another, and whose sole ideal of the beauty of youth must consist in the minimum of study added to work. This is a painful subject, that ought to absorb every true woman's attention, especially after the lurid light thrown on it, by those who best know the difficulties of the position.

The golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Wyndham Portal was celebrated at Malshanger, in Hampshire, on April 19, on which occasion remarkable evidence was shown of the widespread regard entertained towards them by all classes of the community. Gifts and addresses were presented from the towns of Southampton and Basingstoke, and from various villages in the county. The London and South-Western Railway Company presented their late chairman with a fine service of gold plate. The Hampshire Friendly Society (numbering 14,000 members), of which Mr. Portal is president, presented a handsome gold bowl, while the gift of the members of the families of Portal and Hicks-Beach consisted of a fine tankard and two rose-water dishes of old German work in "parcel gilt." Mr. Wyndham Spencer Portal, of Malshanger, Hants, son of the late John Portal, of Freefolk Priors, was born July 22, 1822. He was educated at Harrow and at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst. He succeeded his father in 1848 in the business of the manufacture of the bank-note paper for the Bank of England at Laverstock, a privilege which has belonged to the Portal family since the establishment of the Bank of England at the close of the seventeenth century. In 1849 Mr. Wyndham Portal married the elder daughter of Mr. W. Hicks-Beach, of Oakley Hall, Hampshire. He was

elected a director of the London and South-Western Railway Company in 1861, becoming deputy chairman in 1875, and chairman in 1892, retiring from the post this year. Our illustrations are from photographs by Salmon, Winchester.

The Great Siberian Railway

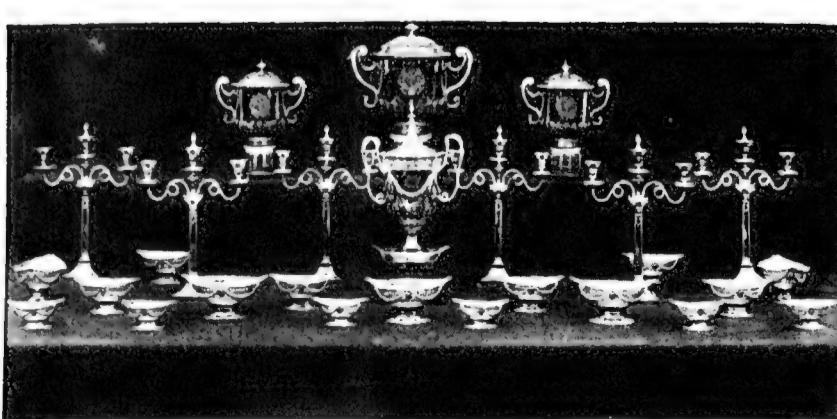
THE scheme of connecting European Russia with her extreme eastern possession was in one form or another discussed and agitated for during many years. The original projectors, however, confine themselves to a plan for connecting the different river systems of Siberia by railway, and it was not until 1891 that the Great Siberian Railway took practical shape. In May of that year the Tsarevitch, landing at Vladivostok on his return journey from the Far East, read the Imperial rescript commanding "the immediate construction of a railroad through the entire length of Siberia," and himself laid at its eastern terminus the first stone of the mighty work. In the same year extensive surveys were commenced both from the west and the east, and the work of laying the two extreme sections was begun.

As originally contemplated, the line was to be completed in 1904, and was to run from Cheliabinsk, near the Ural Mountains, to Vladivostok on the sea of Japan, a distance of 4,700 miles, the total cost being estimated at 350 million roubles. The alignment of the eastern section has, however, been several times shifted further south, following the successes of Russian diplomats at Peking, and at present the main line is to run through Manchuria to Port Arthur, the Vladivostok section thus becoming merely a branch line. The estimated cost, meanwhile, has been increased to 400 million roubles, but the line is being pushed on so rapidly that it is expected to be finished well within the specified time, although the most difficult work on the entire route is in the section not yet constructed. Beginning at Cheliabinsk—the starting-point of the Siberian railroad system—the first section to On. sk—500 miles—was opened within four years of the commencement of the work. The following year the line was carried to the river Obi—another 400 miles—and by August, 1893, it had reached Irkutsk—1,000 miles further on—tipping the Yeniseisk region, rich in mines of argentiferous

lead and copper, but richest of all in gold-bearing sands. In the meantime, the eastern section, Vladivostok to Khabarovka, 475 miles in length, had been opened to traffic in 1897, but before its completion Russia, as already indicated, had arranged with China for a direct route from Stretensk to Vladivostok through Manchuria, pending the acquisition of Port Arthur and Talienshan, when a further change of route was made. In six years, therefore, from the publication of the Imperial rescript, 1,900 miles of the Great Siberian Railway were completed on the west and nearly 500 on the east, or more than half the total length in just half the specified time.

At present Irkutsk, a town of 44,000 inhabitants, situated on the Angara River, some forty miles west of Lake Baikal, stands in direct steam communication with Moscow. The line is being carried round the southern shore of Lake Baikal and is expected to reach Stretensk, the head of the Amur system of navigation, next autumn, but temporary advantage is taken of the water communication with Lake Baikal, which is crossed by steamers in summer from Listvenitchaia on the western shore to Masova on the eastern, a distance of forty miles. At both these places harbour works are now in course of construction, and at Listvenitchaia a powerful ice-breaker is being put together. This vessel was constructed by Messrs. Armstrong, and shipped in sections to its destination. It is built entirely of steel, is 290 feet in length, and is designed to break through ice several feet thick. When it is completed the railway cars will be run direct on board and ferried across the lake.

The Great Siberian Railway being primarily intended as a strategic line, every sacrifice has been made to keep the main line, which is a single line with the Russian 5-foot gauge, clear for through traffic in time of emergency. The stations, therefore, which are placed about twenty-five miles apart, are built on sidings, and by a recent order additional sidings are to be constructed every few miles. The stations are all well built of brick and stone, and are furnished with everything necessary for the traveller, particular attention being given to the water supply. The railway fares are remarkably low, the charges being made on the zone system. For 6/- 10s. the traveller is conveyed in every comfort by second class from Moscow to Irkutsk, a distance of over 3,000 miles. At this rate, when the line is completed, a through ticket from Europe to the Pacific will not cost much more than 12/-, while it is expected that the journey from London to Peking will eventually be made in fourteen days.



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THE GRAPHIC

576

New Novels

"ONE POOR SCRUPLE"

In a prefatory note to "One Poor Scruple" (Longmans, Green, and Co.), its author, Mrs. Wilfrid Ward, informs her readers that its writing has occupied intervals extending over seven years. We are glad to know this, because it explains a high literary quality, a thoroughness of portraiture which would have been unaccountable on the presumption of its having been turned out at the high current rate of speed. Mrs. Ward has written a Book, and not merely a novel; and, considered as a novel, not of the highest promise only, but of complete achievement. Not much, indeed,

need be said, on behalf of general readers not especially interested in the re-marriage of *divorces*, concerning the "One Poor Scruple" itself which induced that flighty and worldly little widow, Mrs. George Riversdale, to forego her whole life's ambition and her whole heart's desire, just when it was triumphantly within her hands. The real interest of the book is in its portrait gallery. As a portrait painter, Mrs. Ward has a method of her own. She takes certain types of women, from the saint with a vocation to the fastest girl leader of the fastest set, and emphasizes their points by placing them in relations and situations calculated to reveal them through and through. The plan is discoverable, but the requisite situations are made to appear simply natural and inevitable with a really wonderful amount of skill. Among the most memorable of her social pictures is that of the Riversdales of Skipton-le-Grange, an old Roman Catholic family about which still cling the traditions, and the results upon character, of the old penal times—a diminishing circle to which "conversion" gives no entry. Another sort of social exclusiveness is dealt with in tragedy of poor Cecilia Rupert—not the first, and probably not the last, to startle people by the consistency of brilliant wildness with passionate despair. It would take long, however, to proceed through the catalogue of Mrs. Ward's women. Her men, on the other hand, have but little life in them, though perhaps an exception should be made in the case of Mark Fieldes, the snob of the literary species, with a dash of genius—especially for doing and saying the wrong thing in the wrong way, yet with a knack of getting taken by women at even more than his own self-value. We shall expect much from Mrs. Ward, and trust that her second novel will occupy her for something less than seven years.

"MANY WAYS OF LOVE"

The appropriateness of Mr. Fred Whishaw's title for a "Romance of the Court of Catherine the Great" of Russia (J. M. Dent and Co.), is beyond question. The plot turns upon the temporary passion of Catherine, then Grand Duchess, for one, Douglas von Doppelheim, a loyal and chivalrous gentleman in the service of the Grand Duke, and his unswerving constancy to the no less faithful, and pure-hearted young maid of honour, Elsa von Adlerberg, who tells the story. Between the "Ways of Love" as practised by Catherine, and the one way understood by Douglas and Elsa, there are obviously an unlimited number of degrees. For the rest, it is a novel of sensational adventure, and of such incidents as are commonly termed "breathless" in the accepted language of criticism, terminating in the deposition of Peter the Second by his terrible Consort and his subsequent murder. It is distinctly the best of its author's productions. He has been fortunate in his choice of a subject, and his treatment of it leaves little to be desired in point either of dramatic situation or of interest at large.

"A DOUBLE THREAD"

Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, whose volume "Concerning Isabel Carnaby" attracted more than ordinary attention, has discovered what we take to be a quite original variation on the once favourite theme of the person who lives two separate lives. The whole scheme of her new novel, appropriately entitled "A Double Thread" (Hutchinson and Co.), compels every reader, and still more every reviewer, to a conspiracy of silence concerning its central situation. This, however, is of the less consequence, inasmuch as the authoress so evidently relies less upon plot than upon

her turn for epigram, of which the following may be selected as a favourable specimen:—

"Now, if I had an order"—[Lady Silverhampton is speaking]—"I should invariably put it on for breakfast; I should be so proud of it. But Silverhampton is very English, and treats his as if it were a disgraceful family scent."

Lord Stonebridge smiled. "Then, according to you ladyship, Englishmen hide their feelings as carefully as they hide their stars?"

"Precisely; and Englishwomen hide theirs as carefully as they do their garters."

And here is another:—

"I believe one reason why the National Anthem is such a popular melody is because it shows that entertainments are concluded."

These are all very well in their way, and at any rate require no sort of mental subtlety for their full appreciation. None the less, an unusually long volume in which every sentence has to be watched lest some similar gem should be overlooked is rather a trial to the nerves.



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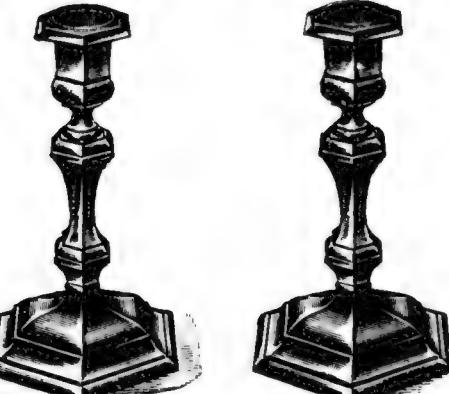
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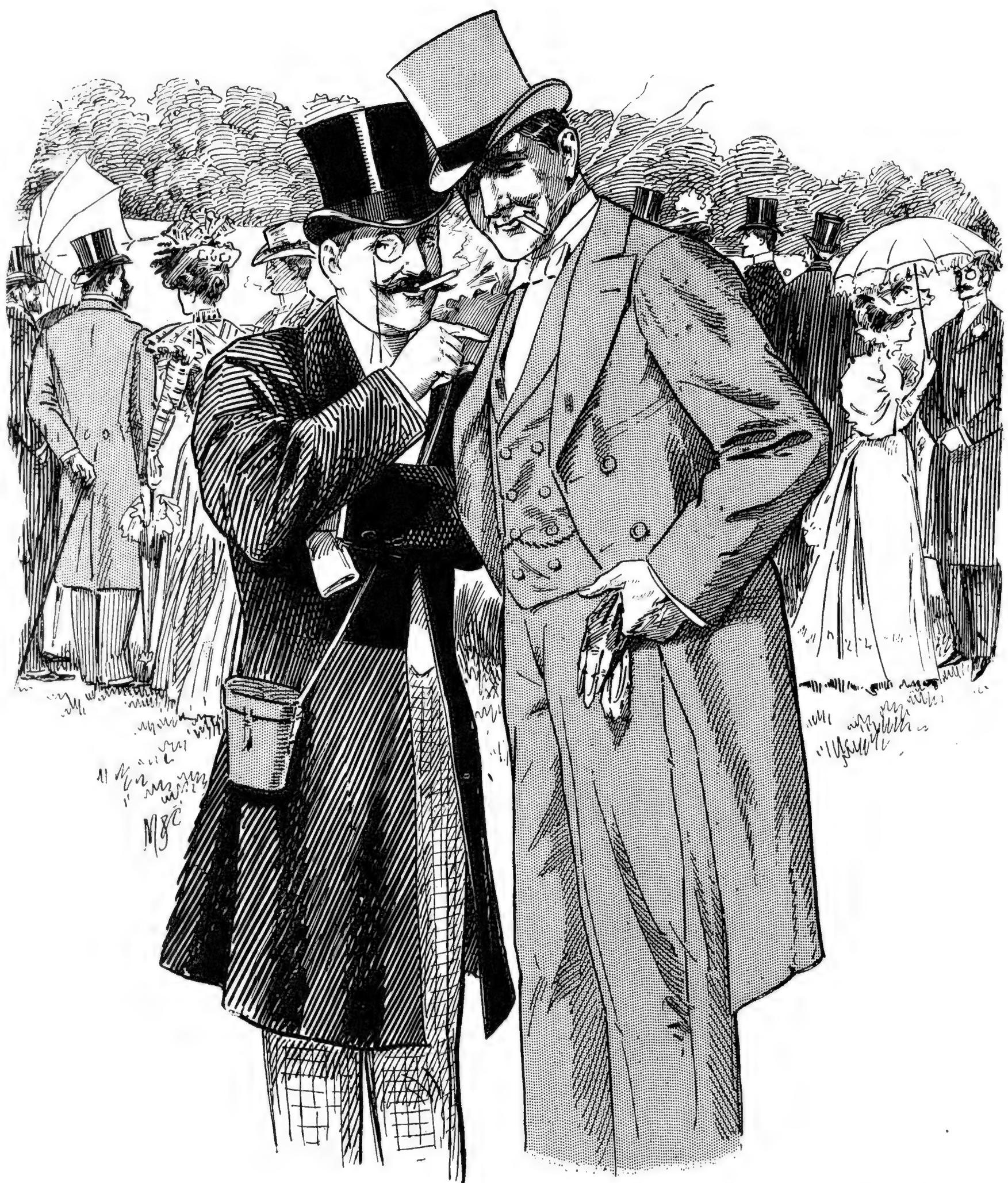
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DRAWN BY FRANK BRANGWYN

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PART III. BIRDS -	113-130
PART IV. CATTLE -	131-170

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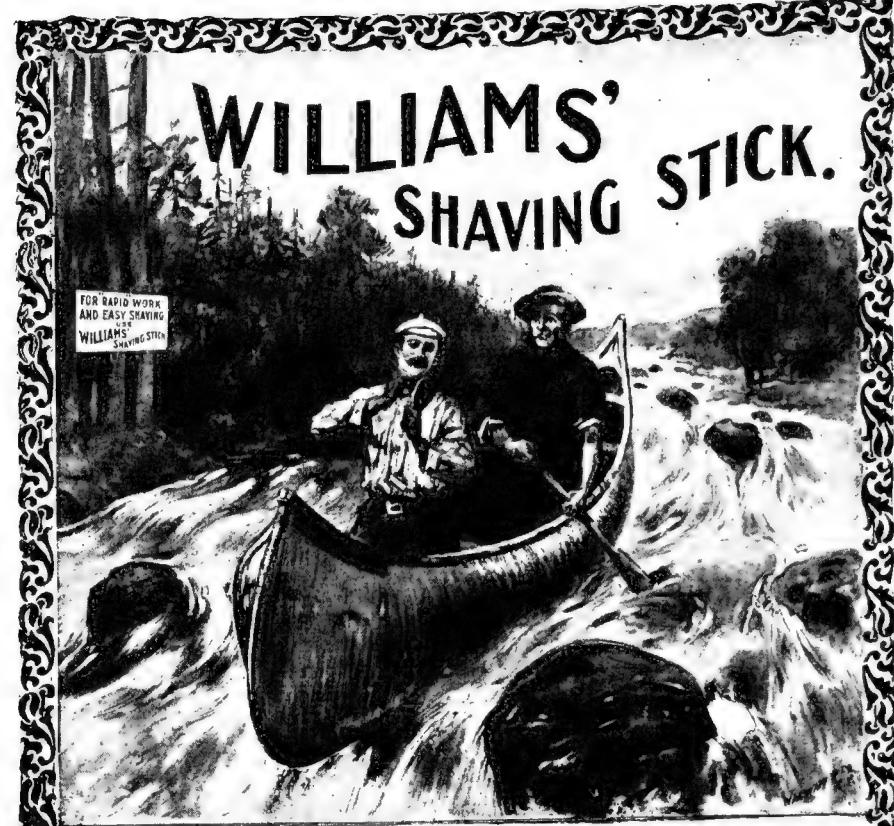
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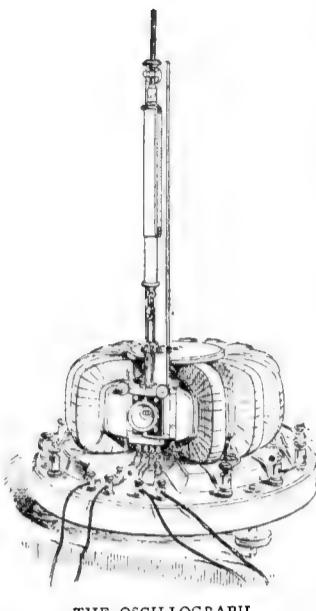
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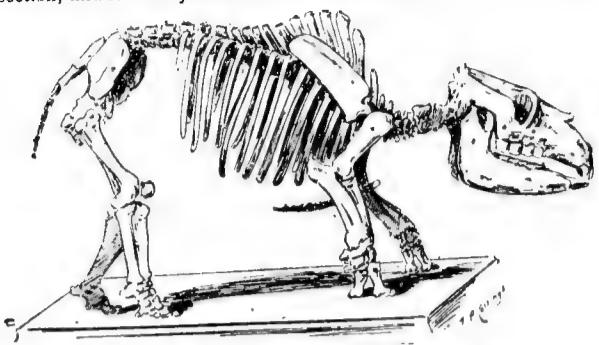
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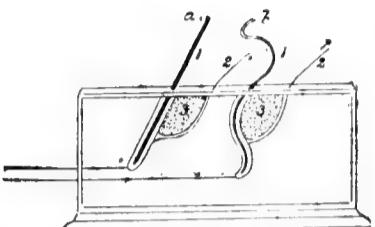
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Our Supplement

EVERY now and then, as in the case of the steamer *Stella*, we are reminded forcibly of the perils to which those who go down to the sea in ships are liable. When a vessel has been hopelessly disabled in mid-ocean, and the order has been given to lower the boats, there comes the awful question whether the latter, well-laden as of course they must be, will ever live to meet a passing vessel. Mr. Frank Brangwyn, in our Supplement, has depicted a boat leaving a sinking steamer, and the men are taking a last look at the drifting hulk. It is an anxious time, for the crew do not know if they have only escaped from going down in the steamer to die a worse death by exposure, or mayhap starvation.

THE TERCENTENARY OF VELASQUEZ'S BIRTH falls this year, so Spain will honour the memory of her artist-son by a representative exhibition of his works, to be held at Madrid. Owners of Velasquez paintings will be asked to lend their treasures.

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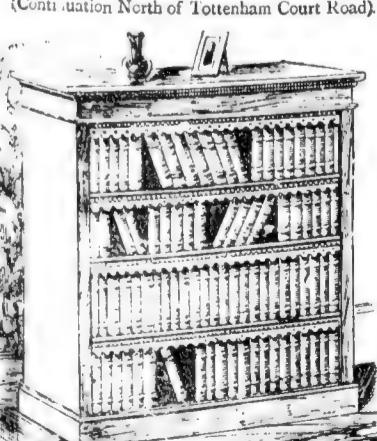
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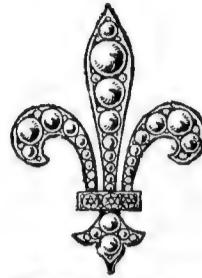
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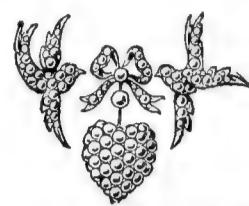
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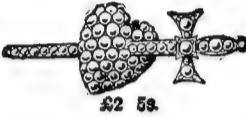
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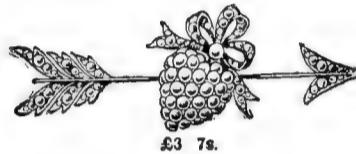
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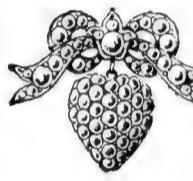
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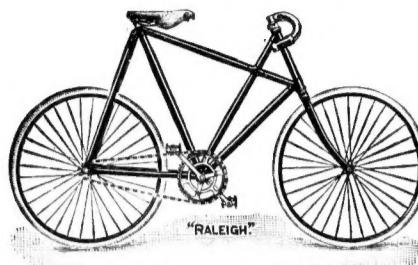
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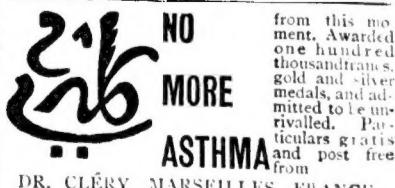
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